

The TATLER

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London
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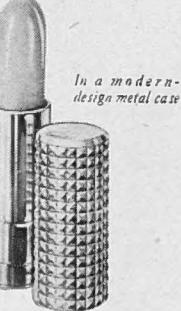
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The TATLER and BYSTANDER

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LONDON

JUNE 30, 1948

Vol. CLXXXVIII No. 2451

IN THIS ISSUE

Royal Ascot. Pre-war elegance, signalled by the Royal drive from Windsor to the course, marked the peak of this year's racing season. "Tatler" photographers have recorded the event on pages 400-1.

Westminster School reopened their playing field in Vincent Square with a match against the Forty Club. Gordon Beckles describes this historic occasion in "Portraits in Print" on pages 386-7.

Yolande Donlan, representing the lighter side of the American loan, has scored a triumph in our own Noel Langley's "Cage Me a Peacock." Messrs. Cookman and Tom Titt appraise her performance in prose and line on page 388.

Marjorie Bowen whose many pseudonyms have puzzled our literary intelligentsia over the last two decades, is herself the subject of a masterly study by the eminent photographic artist Angus McBean. Page 407.

May Week, the peak of the Varsity season, made even more delightful by immaculate weather, was celebrated at Christ's College by a most successful ball. Pictures on pages 396-7.



Bassano

COUNTESS ORSSICH WITH HER CHILDREN

Winkfield, near Windsor. The Countess, who is the daughter of Lady Murrough Wilson and a cousin of Lord Faringdon, is wife of Count Robert Orssich, the famous trainer and rider of show horses and jumpers, who she married in 1941. Since the war Count Orssich has had great success with hacks and hunters at many important shows, and particularly at the International Horse Show, White City.

Paul aged six, Susan aged four and Christopher, three months, at their home Poplars Farm,



Sir Pelham Warner, as President of the Forty Club which consists of distinguished cricketers over forty years of age, making a speech at the reopening of Vincent Square, the playing ground of Westminster School. The wicker chairs were a gift from Sir Pelham for the pavilion

Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

ONE should be grateful, I suppose, that horses have no gift of speech (except in mythology) else this racing summer might not have passed with such a minimum of international discord. What manner of bickerings would be reported from the stables at the forthcoming Olympic games if, as now stated, the U.S. jumping team's horses are all ex-German cavalry mounts!

By the time that the summer is out—Wimbledon dismissed, the Tests over, the Olympic curtain fallen—a sigh of relief will doubtless be breathed by many interested in the comity of nations.

Sport seems so often to exacerbate feelings, to promote wranglings, rather more than the happy idealists of the turn of the century had hoped.

And oddly enough horse-racing (a sport popularly fraught with sinister practice) comes out near the top, for the reason, I suggest, that horses cannot argue the toss, cannot complain and cannot write articles for the newspapers. (I except the coal-cart one, hero of my favourite shaggy-horse story, who turned to an old gentleman who had just given it a lump of sugar and said, "You'd never think I won the Grand National, would you?" whereupon the coal-man came out and said, "Don't listen to that horse, sir. He never won the National. He was only second.")

FORTY years ago this July, and as a very young boy, I was supposed to have seen Dorando win or lose the Marathon at the Olympic Games at the White City. I say "suppose" because I have a blurred vision of the event, and at the time confused it with a baffling new game called "diabolo."

The Times excelled itself on this occasion, with the grand style of reporting which, for various obvious reasons, we seldom see nowadays. Printing House Square let itself go with a plenitude of "wild frenzies of enthusiasm" and "indescribable thrills of excitement."

"Fifty yards from the end Dorando bursts

into a pathetic, almost a horrible parody of a spurt, drops again ten yards from the tape, rises, staggers forward over those last few terrible yards, and has reached his goal."

Alas! The Americans—who had three out of the first five home on the twenty-six mile run from Windsor—protested, for officials who had no business to be on the track had helped the Italian to the tape.

Yet who remembers J. J. Hayes, the eventual winner? The world still remembers Dorando, such being the way of the world.

If this had been the only American protest at the 1908 Games all might have been well, but *The Times* reports an avalanche of protests, recriminations, and complaints to the U.S. papers. "The wearing of heavy boots by the British tug-of-war team" was one much discussed, while there were many "ironical allusions to the handicap of the British climate."

We replied in this display of cousinly friendship that the Americans had been unfair in judging the yacht races.

It all blew up to the day when it was reported that "if the operations of the Olympic Council continue, Canada, France, Belgium, Italy and Greece would withdraw." The French did their bit, too, Entente Cordiale and Franco-British Exhibition notwithstanding, and nearly provoked riots over the cancelling of a bicycle race which they thought should have been won by a French rider.

From all this confusion of forty years ago—so different to our enlightened outlook today, yes?—one thing lingers in the memory. Sweet Queen Alexandra, probably bored with the whole business, said that she would like to give a silver cup of her own to brave Mr. Dorando.

Not for ten years had I visited Vincent Square in Westminster until one afternoon this month. I came on it when the place was bathed in that drenched sunlight which gives London an unreal and dream-like

appearance as in a painting by Canaletto.

This village green is rather unreal anyway, hidden as it is in the wastes of the vague area known as "Pimlico"—Somerset Maugham made his Hugh Walpole in *Cakes and Ale* refer to it snobbishly as "Lower Belgravia."

We went down—an Old Harrovian, of all people, and myself—to see the re-opening of the Square as the playing field for Westminster School. The old Harrovian had played soccer there twenty-five years ago.

"A match against Westminster in those days was apt to be quite an exciting affair," he said. "There was a great deal of local partisanship on the other side of the railings. The locals felt any defeat of Westminster as a personal affront. You were barracked by strident Cockney voices, and one autumn afternoon I had just scored a goal when half a brick came hurtling through the air from the street . . . we never had anything as exciting as that at Harrow."

THEY have been playing on this patch of what was once Tothill Fields since the early part of the eighteenth century, and it was here—and at old Charterhouse in the City—that soccer as we know it today reached its final developments. Westminster and Charterhouse (so I am informed by a young Old Carthusian) used to play a game of their own, in which, although you might not pick the ball off the ground, you could catch it on its first bound. Ends were changed whenever a goal was obtained.

Then sometime in the sixties the Football Association and the two schools (this was before Charterhouse moved to Godalming) got together and the general rules of the game were overhauled.

Soccer was a tough game in those days, when there was more individual play and less teamwork. Carthusians were hardened by a little ordeal called the Cloister Game, which was football played on flagstones, with one side wall of the cloister jagged with flint.

Although the Square is now opened for cricket (and for some of the young "locals," too) the two traditional London schools played soccer there on occasion during the war when most of the ground was used as a balloon site.

How I envy the owners of some of the small Georgian houses on the north-east side of the Square! From that side the rumble of the traffic in the Vauxhall Bridge Road comes like the pounding of surf. At times you might imagine yourself locked away in your own village, with only the Victoria Tower on the distant skyline to remind you of reality.

There are still some lovely small houses between the Square and the Abbey, but many beyond repair. A bigger one that I have perhaps known best in the past—Mulberry House in Smith Square—is still a ravaged shell.

THE Old Harrovian of that afternoon has an interesting family tree.

He is a stippling of forty-five and his father, were he alive today, would be 106, which puts his birth year as 1842. His grandfather was born in 1792, and so grew up during the whole Napoleonic era.

It is a fascinating study this, of linking grandfather to grandson.

The late Duke of Connaught (who was born in 1850 and died in 1942), had as his grandfather the great Duke of Wellington—who was born in 1769.

Once upon a time I was engaged in the delectable task of accompanying a private yacht which had been given to the Navy, through the Great Lakes in Canada down to the ocean. On the King's birthday we were passing through the Welland Canal, which by-passes Niagara Falls into Lake Ontario.

On that day an aged man walked down to the quay and inspected us. We got into conversation. He knew the Navy, he said, and had served in the Belly-rofen.

This seemed improbable, for the H.M.S. *Bellerophon* to which he referred was the ship on which the great Napoleon went for sanctuary after Waterloo, and on whose deck he is depicted in a popular painting.

The old man was speaking the truth. It appeared that the *Bellerophon* later became a raining ship, and it was quite possible for him to have served in it as a boy in, say, the eighteen-forties.

I SHOULD much like to make a suggestion to Sir Alexander Maxwell, the energetic Scot of tobacco-control renown, who has the unenviable task of keeping the English tourist industry up to scratch without much more authority than that given him by his own caustic tongue.

In future he should collect some of the advertisements dealing with Britain which appear in foreign publications and issue them to the tourist trade under some such title as: "This Is What We Are Saying About You: Are You Helping To Make It True?"

Such a booklet would contain such plummy sentences as "England, land of gracious living, where courtesy and good breeding are a proud heritage" . . . "Hospitality of traditional skill and service that has behind it the age-old virtues of a proud island race—is offered to you this summer. . . ."

A few of the whisky advertisements are rather rich in adjectives; indeed, a perusal of a magazine like the *New Yorker* is quite refreshing.

And I am constantly reminded that men in the West End are still the best-dressed in the world, tanned heroes, impeccably Nordic.



JULY



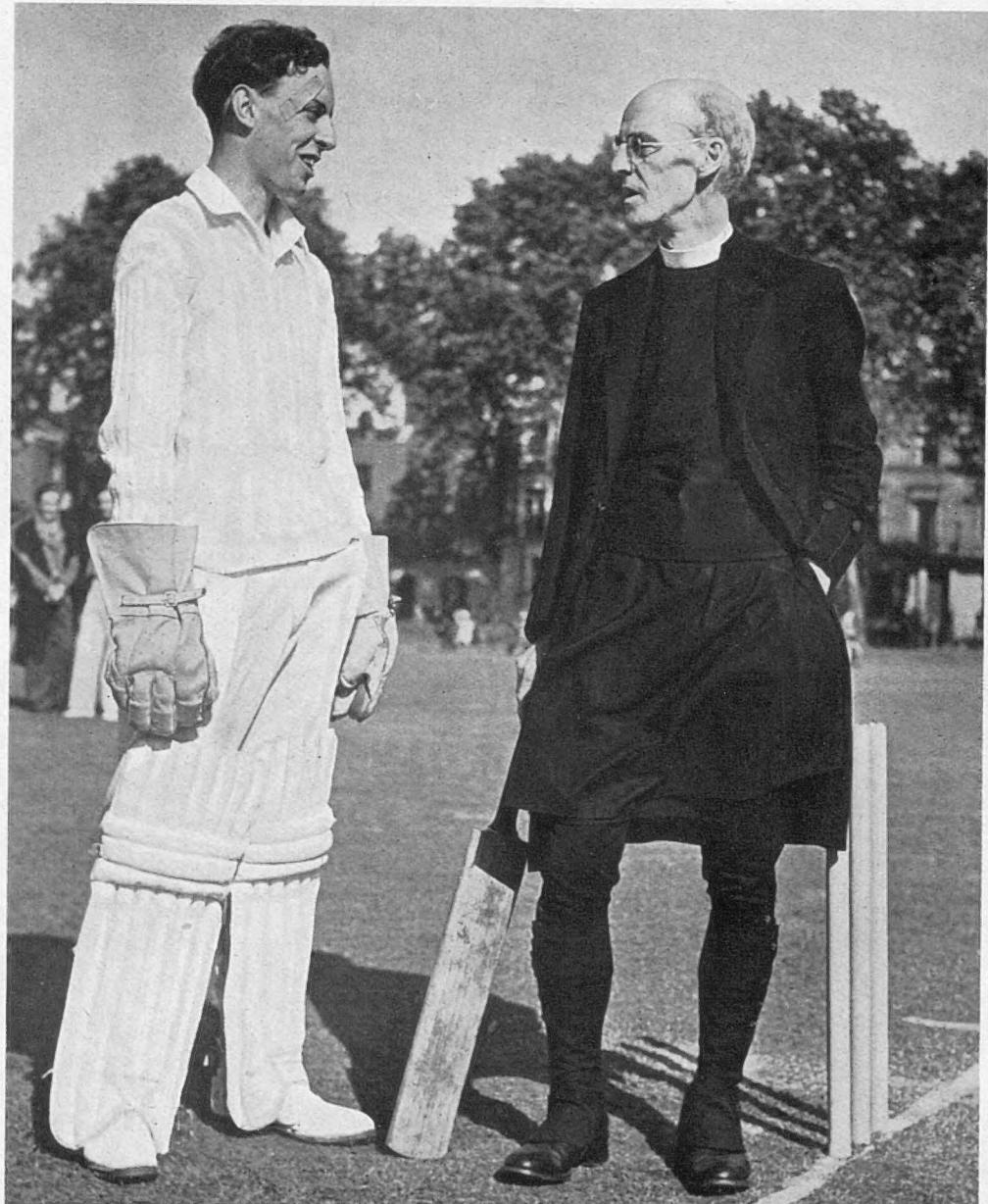
Cuccu, Cuccu!
July is come
And doth pursu
Curriculum;
Glass falleth tu
Nu minimum,
While hailstones du
On greenhouse drum.
Cuccu, cuccu, cuccu!

Cuccu, Cuccu!
July is come,
Flood poureth thru
Front door, by gum,
But plumber whu
Arrives tu plumb
Departeth tu
Consult his chum,
Cuccu, cuccu, cuccu!

Cuccu, Cuccu!
July is come,
I have the flu
With delirium,
So I will bru
A bru of rum—
The only tru
Solatium.
Cuccu, cuccu, cuccu!

Cuccu, Cuccu!
July is come,
And, *entre nu*,
The seventh rum
Hath mounted tu
My cranium
And makes my vu
Tu frolicsome
Cuccu, hiccu, cuccu,
Hiccu, cuccu! Adu!

—Justin Richardson



THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

Dr. A. C. Don, talking to Westminster School's wicket-keeper, David Steward, during the drawn game between the School and the Forty Club. Dr. Don had presented the headmaster, Mr. J. T. Christie, with a gilt key at the ceremony which returned Vincent Square to the School after its use during the war as a balloon site. The ten-acre Square, which is the largest in London, was named after Dean Vincent, headmaster from 1788-1802, who ensured the sole use of it for the School when the district was being marked out for building



David Paltenghi, Joan Blake and David Dulac, who personify the wantonness of Lucrece with a dance that is both spectral and macabre: a piece of choreography typical of many which enliven the evening

Sextus Tarquinius (Simon Lack) hesitates with his sword and is lost at the habitual but captivating infidelities of Althea (Yolande Donlan), while Collatinus (Ballard Berkeley) views the episode with apprehension

*Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt*

At the Theatre

*"Cage Me A Peacock"
(Strand)*

HERE again are those funny fellows, the ancient Romans—with their bare knees and shin guards and short, broad swords and Elizabethan beards and plumed helmets and port wine faces, and their disconcerting habit of dropping into modern slang and their simple but not always predictable reactions to little American blondes who only want to have a good time. If with them the familiar legions brought nothing but a Road-to-Romish story, most playgoers, I imagine, would feel like saying that they had already had it; but this entertainment is a "musical," and, as such, it has some pretensions to originality.

So far as tunes and setting go, it is a "musical" in dangerously good taste. Miss Eve Lynd's tunes have a Tudor simplicity and swing; and Mr. Ballard Berkeley Sutcliffe's Augustan-Roman settings and colour schemes would well become a classic tragedy by Dryden.

THE chorus (composed of competent singers) rarely breaks formation. They remain reclined or erect, rigid as a Greek chorus, trilling "Hey-ding-a-ding" and like melodies with a general expression of fixed amiability. When they relax they relax into dances which stoically preserve a classical decorum—and it is only now and then that a shadow flits across the scene, the shadow of Miss Joyce Grenfell similarly engaged in preserving a classical decorum. The first night audience gave no sign of being bothered by the shadow. Evidently they deeply relished the simple harmonies of the scene, and the producer, Mr. Charles Hickman, is warmly to be congratulated on having brought off a difficult blending of dignity and gaiety.

The story is another matter. I could detect little wit in its telling and I found much of the dialogue tedious. Miss Yolande Donlan has nothing to do

but be a neat and pretty blonde making love to every fine fellow who comes along. Nobody knows better than she how to start a conversation with effective little anti-climaxes, but in this piece she is driven almost into monotony. The nub of her story (and a single revue sketch could contain it comfortably) is that after she has had her good time with all and sundry and seeks to propitiate the wrath of her most powerful protector by a show of suicide, she is by all and sundry deemed unworthy of a Roman

sword and shipped contemptuously to Britain. Then enter as escort the monocled ancient Briton with whom she is obviously doomed to spend long days in the sun at prehistoric Lord's.

This final scene and the doubtful burlesque of a Roman military feast are the best of the evening when the singers are away. Mr. Simon Lack and Mr. Ballard Berkeley contribute splendid Roman fire and thunder to both; and there should also be grateful words for Miss Joan Blake who, as dancer, doubles for the heroine.

The O.U.D.S.

IT might be supposed that Ben Jonson's *The Silent Woman* should be left at this time of day to professional ingenuity; but the O.U.D.S., tackling him in their summer production in Mansfield College Garden, got capital fun out of the joke of the old misanthrope who marries what he believes to be a silent woman, but what proves to be a talkative body and is ultimately discovered to be a boy.

Mr. Brian Badcoe (Lincoln) gave a grand display of comic distress as Morose; Mr. Charles Lepper (Lincoln) was a lively and entertaining wire puller; and Mr. Robert Hardy (Magdalen) played the amorous La Foole with remarkable point and polish.



Cassandra (Linda Gray) and Mercury (Bill O'Connor) get together with Volumnia (Mai Bacon), who is materially indifferent to their vagaries and mythological differences

THE scandalous Ladies Collegiate were sparklingly led by Miss Dorothy Levens, and Miss Jennifer Ramage (Lady Margaret Hall) was an amusingly rumbustious Mrs. Otter. Mr. Frank Hauser produced the play (on a stage which was skilfully sited to gain all possible advantages from its architectural background and garden layout).

Central School of Speech Training Matinee

WEST End stars of the future were seen in five very varied theatrical pieces when the Central School of Speech Training and Dramatic Art gave their annual matinee at the Phoenix Theatre recently. It was attended by Viscount Esher for the first time since he succeeded the late Earl of Lytton as President, and Dame Sybil Thorndike expressed the opinion of the audience when, at the conclusion, she said that a very high standard had been attained. The chef d'oeuvre was a scene from *Love's Labour's Lost*, and there were also extracts from Tchehov, the Quintero Brothers, *Power Without Glory* and *Landslide*. Prizes were given for the best individual performances.



Viscount Esher (right) listens to judges Dame Sybil Thorndike, Leo Genn and Hugh Beaumont discussing the productions. Fay Compton was also a judge



The Shakespeare scene: Left, Jean Anderson, Sylvia Cox, Pamela Griffiths, John Nilsson. Centre, Janet Butler and Edward Leslie. Right, Anthony Service, Michael Rathborne, Douglas Leach



"We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so."—The Princess of France (Janet Butler), Rosaline (Pamela Griffiths), Maria (Jean Anderson), Katherine (Sylvia Cox)



Students try on their costumes. Standing, Jean Anderson, Pamela Griffiths, Sylvia Cox, Janet Butler, John Nilsson, Michael Rathborne, Norman Rose, Edward Leslie. Kneeling, Douglas Leach, Patricia Bennett (assistant wardrobe mistress), Anthony Service, Betty Shaw (wardrobe mistress) and Hal Burton (designer and producer)

Freda Bruce Lockhart

Decorations
by Hoffnung

At The Pictures

Just Like Old Times

IT has not taken the Films Agreement long to replenish our cinemas with the mixture very much as before: one really amusing Hollywood crazy comedy; one ponderous propaganda pill glutinously coated; a cheerless term in prison with Robert Taylor; a pleasant and competent Western; one foreign-language film of a certain distinction; and tagging along behind, one British picture far below par. Exactly like old times.

The crazy comedy at least can be welcomed without reserve. *Sitting Pretty* at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and Marble Arch Pavilion, may not be right at the top of its class, but is certainly the funniest film we have had since *Bachelor Knight*—and laughter just now has a scarcity value that seems to increase daily. All the essential elements are here: a slightly overcrowded and distracted household, consisting for a start of Robert Young and Maureen O'Hara, three rowdy small sons and a huge Great Dane; inquisitive neighbours in a suburban (as a change from small-town) neighbourhood; a neat, not too forced script (by the veteran comedian Hugh Herbert); and for good measure running over, two total eccentrics played with rich individuality and magnificently matched absurdity by Clifton Webb and Richard Haydn.

No kind of film shows us quite as much of the American Way of Life as crazy comedy. It is refreshing to be reminded that American women too are so desperate for someone to sit with the children of an evening that Maureen O'Hara is prepared to welcome a baby-sitter called Belvedere, who turns out to be male, Clifton Webb, a self-proclaimed genius and child-hater, an exponent of Yogi, an expert cook, bath attendant, bee-keeper, dancer and general factotum, obviously indispensable to any home.

Mr. Webb's own impersonal personality, so coldly repellent in a thriller like *Laura*, so calming in the turbulence of family life, is the corner-stone of the comedy against which the wave of local scandal breaks grotesquely when Mr. Young leaves Miss O'Hara alone with "Belvedere." The occasional direct encounters between "Belvedere" and Mr. Appleton (Richard Haydn), the gardener and gossip-monger next door, are duels in elegant rudeness which would make a dowager's claws seem blunt.

Walter Lang is a neat comedy director. He has had the skill and good sense to keep this pleasing absurdity short enough not to outrun the author's and actors' powers of invention.

He has also had the rare discretion to choose three small boys who resemble nothing except three healthily naughty small boys who know a disciplinarian when at last they meet one.

ACADEMY awards are not always allotted for artistry alone, and it seems probable that *Gentleman's Agreement* owes the award less to its merits as art or entertainment than to the

fervour of its appeal against anti-Semitism. It is difficult to feel that the film earns the distinction even regarded in this rather Nobel Prize light.

Film producers, who so readily sacrifice artistic integrity to their approved criteria for entertainment, have a paradoxical inability to understand that propaganda pictures will only be effective propaganda if they are effective entertainment and if the two elements are smoothly integrated. *Gentleman's Agreement* lumbers off to a soporifically slow start before it gets to any point at all. Even after we learn that the hero (Gregory Peck) has been commissioned to write a series of magazine articles on anti-Semitism, further irrelevant intensity has to be built up—out of his mother's first heart attack, and his own pangs and pacings in the usual Hollywood throes of creative journalism—before he decides that the only way he can get experience is by pretending to be a Jew.

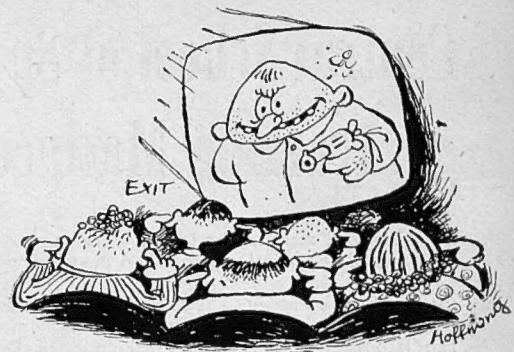
THIS was a promising idea. But the film fails to personalize the problem or to create a dramatic dilemma (the main characters are all on the same side, while the active anti-Semites remain largely unseen and quite inarticulate). The hero finds the painful insults he all but asks for, and his just indignation gives him a sense of mission in his series of articles. A man of words, however, his story remains a film of words, of endless talk skirting the fringes of the Jewish problem, always on the assumption that the problem is one of the new-fangled inventions of the present age which threaten the American Way of Life, and that the division between Jew and Christian is no different from the divisions between Catholic and Presbyterian and Christian

Scientist. If emotional intensity is to be maintained for two hours (all but five minutes) by argument alone, the argument needs to be at a less superficial level than this.

Only a few cynical remarks at a party from an Einstein-like professor (Sam Jaffe) hint at a more sophisticated view of the vicious circle of persecution and persecution complex.

Against the dilatory direction, the film attains a high level of production (glossy finish) and performance. I doubt if any actor could make much more of the hero than Mr. Peck, but John Garfield as his Jewish officer-friend impresses more by saying less. The most complete character of all, as played by Dorothy McGuire with profound understanding, is the intelligent society girl who loves the hero, is revolted by anti-Semitism but would never follow him into total warfare against it if she were not required to by the happy-ending convention. A comedy performance of startling lightness and brilliancy by Celeste Holm as a fashion editor makes her every appearance (until the last) an immense relief.

These Argentine films, of which a second is now showing at the Continentale, Tottenham Court Road, are strangely fascinating: and



strangely difficult to judge. They are, of course, by no means so exotic as to invite a completely fresh approach by the spectator. Yet *Jealousy* (very freely based on Tolstoi's *The Kreutzer Sonata*, like its predecessor, *Spanish Serenade*, disconcerts by setting aside, with bland impunity, the contemporary canons of cinema technique.

BOTH films have an old-fashioned air; but no more old-fashioned than Tolstoi's novels or the music of Albeniz (the hero of the earlier film). Both are infinitely slow and overloaded with dialogue, yet never seem to stand still; moving smoothly at their own unhurried pace. The players in both employ a range of expression we have been taught to think of as overacting on the screen; but neither the performance of Pedro Lopez Lagar, the handsome star of both films, nor that of Zully Moreno, his partner in *Jealousy*, strikes me as in anyway excessive, only as rather nearer life than the calculated impassivity to which we have grown used. Senora Moreno is in addition a resplendent blonde beauty, reminiscent of a hothouse rose in full bloom.

I cannot pretend that the Argentine picture sticks any closer to the letter of Tolstoi's text than other film versions. For some reason the violinist has even been turned into a pianist so that the Kreutzer sonata itself is lost and Beethoven replaced by Liszt. But *Jealousy* can claim to have captured something of the spirit of the neurotic little story. To see sex treated frankly as an adult and not very pretty passion is another change from the usual screen substitutes, either sentimental or suggestive. If later Argentine films are equal to the first two it will be easy to acquire a taste for them, though *Jealousy* suffers from the tediousness of that particular passion, in fiction as in fact.

THE only difference I can see between *Hig Wall* and any other American prison picture is that the suspected wife-murderer (Robert Taylor), having undergone a previous brain operation, is incarcerated not in jail but in a psychopathic hospital described more honestly in one shot as the County Insane Asylum. The setting is if anything more depressing than usual and the county authorities should surely have learned from films by now not to entrust female psychiatrists with positions of responsibility.

I am beginning to think that Robert Young is the best actor among Hollywood stars after Gary Cooper. *Relentless*, at the London Pavilion, is said to be Mr. Young's first Western and very nice too, just like any other unpretentious Western, plus a foal and a donkey.

All through *Uneasy Terms* at the Warner what depressed me most was the thought that this is the kind of picture which will presumably fill up the increased quota of forty-five per cent of British films.



MABEL LEE, twenty-three year old dancer from Atlanta, Georgia, was the star of *Calypso*, the West Indian musical recently shown at the Playhouse. Critics hailed her as the most remarkable coloured artist of her type since Florence Mills took the town by storm in the Blackbirds show at the Pavilion in the mid-twenties—of which a contemporary said it "hit London's eardrums like a blast from Gargantua's trumpet." A mistress of "off-beat swing," she started in New York cabarets and has previously appeared in London at the Palladium in a Tommy Trinder revue. In addition to the slender build and vitality of a born dancer and a most attractive voice, she has also a keen sense of comedy, and is here singing one of her most popular songs, "Ain't nobody's business what I do." Already plans are afoot to star her in a new coloured revue, which will open out of town in August and come to the West End later on



George Bilainkin

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



The Duke de San Lucar la Mayor, the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires

automatically recalled Señor Don Domingo de las Barcenas, Ambassador in London, but the original U.N. proposal to break relations and perhaps enforce sanctions was not approved in high quarters in Whitehall, where it was felt that, with the loss of Spanish iron ore, serious unemployment would result in British shipyards. A compromise, as now existing, was subsequently conceded by the British Foreign Secretary.

Enviable personal advantages are enjoyed by the recently arrived Chargé d'Affaires, the Duke de San Lucar la Mayor, who succeeds the much-liked Marquis de Santa Cruz, now Minister in Copenhagen. San Lucar knows London and Britain intimately. He speaks the language as precisely as Spanish and French, can discuss history as usefully as last week's flat-race winners, and modern trends in portraiture as authoritatively as the seventeenth-century masterpieces with which he was brought up in the family's 400-years-old mansion in Madrid.

SAN LUCAR, son of the Duke of Baena, now aged eighty-eight, came to Beaumont College, Windsor, in 1906, returned to Spain to study law, and came out third of forty-five candidates in the examination for the diplomatic service in 1917. He was then known by the name that is best remembered by British friends, the Viscount Mamblas, which he almost surrendered when presented by his father with one of the family's dukedoms.

After two years as unpaid Attaché in Lisbon, he served in Madrid and Holland, and in 1921 returned to the post-war gaiety of London as Third Secretary, playing golf near London off a handicap of seven, and in the evenings non-inquest bridge. With changes in Madrid he asked to be sent to China, but instead spent two years as Chargé d'Affaires in Montevideo, moved on to Tangier, then back to Madrid. He saw the King's departure and the end of the monarchy, headed the Cultural Affairs Department of the Foreign Office, and rose to Minister.

THERE was real drama again in 1936 after the opening of the Franco rebellion. He hired a fishing-boat at Ibiza, smallest of the Balearics, ostensibly to fish, and succeeded in reaching Majorca. His sole possession on arrival was the diary kept for twenty years or more, and stretching to eight or nine pages daily. British friends in H.M.S. Hood helped him to Marseilles, and Franco sent him to Geneva as observer. Then he headed a mission to Bizerta which induced the French to return the Spanish Fleet. In Madrid his mansion had been ransacked and damaged, even the shutters vanishing. But, worse still, Bernard Shaw autographs and other first editions had gone.

In 1942 he was back in London as Alba's Minister-Counsellor, shared the horrors of the air raids with defiant Londoners, and went on VE-day in 1945 to Holland as Minister, where he was decorated by the Queen. An optimist, he remembers the family motto: "Better die than be vanquished."



The Earl of Athlone with Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who is President and Chairman of the Association, being welcomed by Lady Belper, Chairman of the Ball, on their arrival at Grosvenor House

Princess Alice at the National Children's Adoption Association Ball



F/Lt. C. R. Booth and Miss Hilary Booth were two more of the guests at this very well-attended and successful function



Lady Priscilla Aird, younger daughter of the Earl of Ancaster, with Col. Henry Abel Smith, C.O., Household Cavalry



Mrs. Denis Morley and Mr. S. J. K. Roycroft were also among those present



Miss B. Bedforth and Mr. H. B. Connacher enjoy one of the many amusing interludes



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, President of the All-England Tennis Club, presents the Wightman Cup at Wimbledon U.S. team. On the Duchess's left are Mrs. Pat Todd and Miss Doris Hart (nearest camera), who lost their doubles match with Mrs. E. W. A. Bostock and Mrs. N. W. Blair—the first British Wightman victory since 1939—and on her right is Miss Louise Brough, the U.S. Singles Champion. Behind Mrs. Wightman is Mrs. W. du Pont, the Wimbledon Singles Champion, whose very accurate and deadly game was a major contribution to the Transatlantic victory. The U.S. team won by a total of six matches to one



The Royal Landau driving up the course on the first day of the Ascot meeting. With the King and Queen, who received a tremendous welcome, were the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Harewood, the King's nephew. In the following carriages were the Princesses, the Princess Royal and members of the Royal house-party and Household

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

Court News: The King and Queen, with Princess Elizabeth, Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Margaret, had their usual house-party at Windsor Castle for Royal Ascot, which they attended on all four days. Their guests were the Princess Royal, her elder son the Earl of Harewood, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Marquess and Marchioness of Hamilton and their daughter Lady Moyra Hamilton, the Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, the Marquess of Blandford and his youngest sister Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, Lt.-Cdr. and the Hon. Mrs. James Osborne King, Miss Sharman Douglas, Lady Caroline Thynne, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, Lord Gillford and Mr. David Somerset. They were joined in the Royal box each day by the Duchess of Kent, who motored over with her sister Countess Toerring, also Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, with Col. Henry and Lady May Abel Smith. On the second day the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were with the Royal party.

The Duke of Edinburgh did not go with the Royal party to Ascot either day, as he was away at Greenwich during the week fulfilling his naval duties, but returned in

time for the dance at the Castle on the Friday night, when about 200 guests danced in the fine crimson drawing-room. After racing on the first day the King and Queen, with the two Princesses and members of their party, attended a cocktail-party given by Col. H. Davies and officers of the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards in the Officers' Mess at Victoria Barracks, Windsor, and on the Wednesday Princess Margaret, with some of the younger members of the house-party, went over to Maidenhead for the Guards' Boat Club Ball.

* * *

THIS year the King decided that the Royal party should drive over to the course in the "Ascot State" landaus on all four days, not on Tuesday and Thursday as last year. The huge crowds that gathered each day to see this picturesque procession raised a tremendous cheer as the scarlet-and-gold-clad outriders approached, followed by the first carriage, drawn by the Windsor Greys, in which were the King and Queen with the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, and the Earl of Harewood. Then came Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret in the second carriage, accompanied by the Marquess of Salisbury and the Marquess of Hartington, followed by the Princess Royal and other members of the house-party in the next two carriages.

On the second and fourth days Miss Sharman Douglas had the thrill of driving in the Royal procession and received a special cheer from all those along the route who recognised the attractive and unspoilt only daughter of the popular U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Lewis Douglas.

THE King, who takes a keen interest in racing, went into the paddock each day, with the Queen and members of their party, to see the horses parade before the big race. The Princesses paid several other visits to the paddock with young friends and stood informally among the crowd. On the first day Princess Margaret and Miss Sharman Douglas, accompanied by the Marquess of Blandford, stood on the raised tiers surrounding the ring and watched the horses parade before the race for the Gold Vase, and on another day both Princesses, accompanied by their cousin the Earl of Harewood, leant over the rails around the paddock watching the horses, quite unnoticed by the people around them.

As had been expected, several of the big prizes went to France, including the Gold Cup, which was won with the greatest of ease by M. Marcel Boussac's magnificent stayer Arbar, who received a great cheer as he sailed past the winning-post four lengths ahead of M. Jean Nys's Bayeux II., with Mr. A. D. Halford's French-bred Roi de Navarre II. third. The last-named was trained in England by Mr. Herbert Blagrave, who broke a record

when he won the Royal Hunt Cup the previous day for the second year in succession with Master Vote.

The Gold Vase was won by M. Boussac's Estoc, and the same owner won the Queen Mary Stakes with Coronation V. Mme. P. Thomas-Moret won the Queen Anne Stakes with Solina, and Mr. Herbert Blagrave the King Edward VII. Stakes with Vic Day (which he had bought overnight from Mme. Lecerf), beating Sir John Jarvis's new French-bred purchase, Folie II., who was third in the Oaks.

THE clothes worn by the women race-goers at Ascot, which have always caused nearly as much interest as the racing, were, on the whole, this year very tawdry. So many women appeared to think that frills round the hips or feet, or both, and veils tied in a bow under the chin constituted the height of fashion, while by far the smartest were those wearing plain, simply-made clothes. The Queen looked charming each day in pastel shades, and I especially liked the cyclamen mauve pleated dress with feather-trimmed hat to match she wore on the opening day, and her salmon-pink dress and hat on Gold Cup day, when Princess Elizabeth appeared in the becoming blue ensemble that she first wore for the opening of the Galliera Museum in Paris last month, and Princess Margaret looked exceptionally chic in a plain dress of white tie silk spotted with red, and a red hat.

The Duchess of Kent looked lovely in a grey dress with a large black hat, and another day she wore a mushroom-pink dress, also in tie silk, made very plainly with a low neckline and full skirt; with this went a little cap trimmed with three large roses to match.

OTHERS who looked really smart were the wives of the Corps Diplomatique, who with their husbands watched the racing from the box next to the Royal box. These included Mme. Bianchi, the Duchess of Palmella, Mrs. Lewis Douglas, I.R.H. Princess Zaid el Hussein, Mme. Prebensen and Mme. Aragao, whom I met on the first day; Mme. Massigli, Mme. Pastoriza, Mme. Verduynen, Vicomtesse Thieusies and the Rani Kaiser, wife of the Nepalese Ambassador. Others I noticed looking chic in the Royal Enclosure were the Marchioness of Hartington in a black faille coat and big black hat, Lady Cornwallis (accompanied by Lord Cornwallis each day), also in plain black faille with a large white feathered hat, the Begum Aga Khan, who wore a plain navy-blue wool dress one day with a pale-pink felt hat and on Gold Cup day a tailored dress of "sponge-bag" suiting and a black hat, Mrs.

Jackie Ward, who looked lovely in a grey and brown patterned silk dress with a large brown tulle hat, Viscountess Ednam in mustard-yellow with a tiered skirt, and her sister, Mrs. Jakey Astor, in navy blue and white.

I also noticed Mrs. Harrison Proctor, in black and white, with her tall American husband. Mme. St. Juste was in a pale-blue and white printed dress and large white hat, Mrs. Bea Davis in a pink and grey tailored suit and small grey hat, Mme. Jacques Fabry chic in pale grey, Lady Pulbrook in a printed dress and white tulle hat, Lady Charles in a scarlet coat and small black hat, the Countess of Ronaldshay in navy blue, Mrs. Thin in a plain yellow crepe dress and black and yellow

hat, Mrs. Denis Alexander in a printed dress with a striking purple straw hat, and American Mrs. William Woodward in a printed dress.

ALSO on the lawn of the Royal Enclosure I saw Lord and Lady George Scott, Lord and Lady Cathcart, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler and their attractive daughter Carol, Lord and Lady Herbert, the Marchioness of Linlithgow, the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, who had a winner during the meeting, Lady Joan Philips, Major and Mrs. Harry Misa, the Earl and Countess of Rosse with Miss Susan Armstrong Jones, the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Peter Brooke, Major and Mrs. Peter Herbert, Viscount and Viscountess Bury, who watched her father's Herophilus saddled for the Gold Vase, Mr. and Mrs. George Glossop, the Marquess and Marchioness Townshend, also Mrs. Washington Singer, Sir Noel Charles, Mrs. Margaret Sweeny, Mrs. Brian Buchel, Mrs. Smyly and her fiance Earl St. Aldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Burns, Lady Zia Wernher and the Marquess of Milford Haven. Others in the Royal Enclosure were Mr. Jimmy Jarvis, the Earl and Countess of Hopetoun, Lord Derby, the Hon. Richard Stanley, Lord Mildmay, Capt. Tony Weatheral, Lady Sudely, Mr. Hector and Lady Jean Christie, H.H. the Aga Khan, Prince Aly Khan, Brig. and Mrs. Coxwell Rogers, Mrs. Walter Whigham, Col. and Mrs. Gerald Heygate, Lady Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Snyder, Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant, Major and Mrs. Edward Christie Miller, the Hon. Ronald Strutt, the Earl and Countess of Feversham, Mrs. Peter Townshend, in red, and Air Cdre. "Mouse" Fielden, Captain of the King's Flight, and his wife. He was telling friends about his recent flight to

Australia and New Zealand to plan ahead for the Royal tour next spring. The tour will involve quite a lot of travel by air and is going to be a strenuous one.

THE gardens and lawn along the river bank and the bridge across the water were gaily lit with coloured fairy lights for the Guards' Boat Club Ball at Maidenhead. Luckily, until after midnight, when rain started, the night was warm enough for guests to sit out and stroll about between dances in this picturesque setting. This ball was one of the most enjoyable, and the best run, of the year. The band was good, and although there were several hundred guests, the ballroom was never overcrowded; supper was beautifully cooked and well served, there were plenty of chairs for sitting out, and car-parking arrangements were highly efficient.

Princess Margaret, very pretty in a pale-blue tulle dress, was in a large party, including Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, the Marquess of Blandford, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the Hon. Jean Elphinstone in black, Mr. David Wills and Lady Caroline Thynne in a striking striped dress. General and Mrs. Alan Adair brought their two attractive daughters, and other pretty girls I noticed dancing were the Ladies Elizabeth and Anne Lumley, the Hon. Patricia Stourton, Miss Raine McCorquodale, Miss Neelia Plunket and Lady Cecilia FitzRoy.

Among the many young marrieds enjoying the ball were Col. James and Lady Jane Nelson, Col. and Mrs. George Trotter, who were down



Harry Steed

Louise Boisot, three-year-old god-daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh. Both she and her brother were born in England, but now spend much time in Paris. Not long ago they were invited by the Duchess of Kent to Coppins, Iver, where they spent the day playing with the young Princes

from Scotland, staying with his brother for the week, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, Capt. and Mrs. David Heneage, Lord and Lady George Scott, Capt. and Mrs. Edward Dudley Ryder, Mr. Iain and Lady Margaret Tennant, Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lloyd. Others I saw dancing included the Hon. Freddie and Mrs. Hennessy, Vicomtesse Thieusies, in red, with Vicomte d'Orthez, Miss Sonia Grahame-Hodgson, partnering Mr. Philip Briant, Mr. and Mrs. Liddel, who were up from Warwickshire for Ascot, and Major Edward Christie Miller with his attractive wife, who wore sky-blue satin.

THE Brazilian Ambassador, president of the Anglo-Brazilian Society, received the guests, with Mme. Aragao and Sir Thomas Cook (who is the chairman) and Lady Cook at the recent annual dinner at the Dorchester given by the Society. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Mrs. Bevin, the latter wearing an attractive pale-blue lamé dress, were the guests of honour, and among other guests at the dinner were the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Portuguese Ambassador and the Duchess of Palmella, the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. Jiminez O'Farrill, and the Peruvian Ambassador, Don Fernando Berckemeyer, and his wife, who arrived wearing a beautiful sable stole over her petunia crepe evening dress.

Also present were the Dominican Minister and Mme. Pastoriza, the Guatemalan Minister and Mme. Ydigoras, Cdr. the Hon. Roger Coke, talking to Sir Thomas and Lady Cook's daughter Geraldine, Viscountess Davidson in pale-blue lamé and a fine diamond necklace, with Viscount Davidson, Viscount and Viscountess Bridgeman who were chatting with Major and Mrs. Tommy Baring before dinner, Mrs. Alistair Cameron, Sir Eugen and Lady Effie Millington-Drake, Gen. R. W. G. Stone, a former G.O.C. in Egypt, chatting with Mrs. G. E. Portal, Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Lord William Percy and Mrs. M. L. Arnold, who has so many friends among the Latin-American colony in London.

THE speeches, after an excellent dinner, were all brief and interesting. The Brazilian Ambassador made an excellent speech proposing the health of the British Government, to which Mr. Ernest Bevin replied with quiet sincerity, referring to the recent trade agreement signed between the two countries and the true bond of friendship shown us by Brazil for many years. Lord Bridgeman, deputy chairman of the Society, proposed the health of the guests, to which the Duke of Palmella replied in his usual subtle and witty manner.



Max-Henri Boisot, son of M. and Mme. Marcel Boisot. His mother was a childhood friend of the Duke of Edinburgh, who recently received him and his sister at Buckingham Palace and presented them to Princess Elizabeth

ANGLO-BRAZILIAN



Sir Hugh Gurney, Mme. Cabana, Sr. Antonio Angel (Colombian Chargé d'Affaires), and H.E. Mme. Pastoriza (Dominica)



H.E. the Duke of Palmella (Portugal) talking to Viscountess Davidson, M.P., and H.E. Sr. Jiminez O'Farrill (Mexico)



Mr. Isidore Kerman, Mrs. Stewart-Evans, Sir Frank Nixon, the economist, and Lady Effie Millington-Drake



Col. Sir Arthur Evans, the prominent Welsh figure, with Lady Seeds, wife of Sir William Seeds



The Foreign Minister, Mr. Ernest Bevin, with H.E. Mme. Moniz de Aragao, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador



Miss E. Allen, Mr. H. G. Winter, Miss June Thompson and Mr. Harold E. Miller



Mr. Maurice Willey, Miss Patricia McKnight, Mr. Russell Watkin (Ball secretary), and Miss Rosemary Wootton. Behind, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bloomfield



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Steel talking during an interval. Mr. Steel is a Fellow of the College and President of the Ball Committee



Miss Hester Blundell, Mr. Robert de Stacpoole, Mr. Patrick Martyn and Miss Sally Street



Miss Catherine Goodyear, Mr. Ian Walker, Miss Pauline Lesser and Mr. Ralph Andrew

SOCIETY DINNER



Lady Cook, wife of Sir Thomas Cook, chairman of the Society, with H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador at the Dorchester



Sir William Seeds, for five years Ambassador to Brazil, Mrs. Alastair Cameron and Dr. Olavo de Souza Aranha



Lord Hawke, H.E. Mme. Jiminez O'Farrill, Lt.-Col. Sir Thomas Cook and H.E. the Duchess of Palmella



Mme. Antonio Angel, Lord William Percy, and Dr. Don Luis Cabana, Counsellor at the Venezuelan Embassy



H.E. Dr. Don Miguel Riva y Abreu (Cuba), H.E. Mme. Ydigoras Fuentes (Guatemala), Lord Leathers, and H.E. Mme. Berckemeyer (Peru)

WEEK BALL AT CHRIST'S COLLEGE



Capt. J. Cowen, of Queens' College, and Miss Pamela Williams, two more of the guests at this very enjoyable Cambridge event



Miss Virginia Curtis-Bennett, Mr. Paul Curtis-Bennett, Miss Susan Coutts and Mr. Mark Beadle have a quiet session with coffee and cigarettes



Miss Susan Marten and Mr. Joseph Humble prepare to take the floor



Col. and Mrs. Bolton with their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Bolton



Mr. D. W. Moore, Miss N. Parnell, Mr. Philip Anns and Miss Mary Beaumont sitting out



Mlle. Marie Spaak, daughter of the Prime Minister of Belgium, was recently married in Brussels to Mr. Michael Palliser, of the diplomatic service, only son of Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur Palliser. In this group, taken before the reception at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, are Miss Palliser, M. Spaak, Mrs. Palliser, the bride and bridegroom, Admiral Palliser, Mme. Spaak, the bridesmaid, and M. Spaak, jun.

Priscilla in Paris

A One-Man Academy

STATISTICIANS tell us that during the last year there has been a big slump in the attendance at Paris theatres and cinemas, and that the *haute couture* has "not done so well this season as was expected"! They put this down to the high cost of the plainest-of-living. The housewife who manages to achieve the *biftek*, economises on the *pommes de terre frites*. "Perhaps so, perhaps not," as the Normandy peasant has it. But if one judges from the crowds that attend the various galas that keep us on the go just now, there must be still quite a few louis d'or hidden away in the old sock under the hearthstone.

At the Nuit du Ruban, when our lovelies wore exquisite frocks elaborately trimmed or, in many cases, entirely made of ribbon, and dainty, Marcel-Rochas, ribbon-trimmed gloves and bracelets, the noise of merriment echoed to the faraway suburbs. The sightseers lined up on either side of the red carpet and the photographers got busy, especially when Mme. Paul Auriol and Mme. Pouyade, wife of the famous Normandie-Niemen S/Ldr. Pouyade—the one so fair, the other so dark—arrived; Merle Oberon also captured their attention, for, to quote one young knight of the camera, "she always looks lovely from any angle."

THE late-afternoon garden party, given in the fine grounds of the Ministry of Justice, Place Vendôme, was a brilliant affair also, though, at first, quite a few guests absent-mindedly wandered into the Ritz that is next door, and were only routed out of the bar just in time to hear Maurice Chevalier—his only appearance in Paris before his recitals next autumn—in a song number that delighted President Auriol, who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. Fernandel was also on the all-star list of entertainers, and both these clever artistes were congratulated by the President.

At one moment, Maurice almost lost his temper when a pushful young person with a camera climbed on to the stage while he was singing. She departed quicker than she came. Cameras are expensive items nowadays. This party stretched over into the evening and through the short summer night, only coming to an end as the dustcarts began their morning rounds. Alas that we can no longer write about coming-home-with-the-milk!

I am sorry I missed the very successful performance of Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* by the Covent Garden Company at the Grand Opera House, but I had been up three nights running, and it would have been too shameful if I had found myself nodding. The critics have been unanimous in their praise.

THERE was a brilliant Anglo-French gathering on the Varnishing Day of Mr. Josselyn Bodley's exhibition at the Licorne Gallery. He has many friends and admirers, not only of his works, but also of his splendid record in both world wars. What an eclectic artist he is, portraying such widely diverse subjects with equal felicity. The strength of a study in the nude comes as a breath-catching surprise after the exquisite delicacy of a neighbouring

flower-piece; while the grim bleakness and frozen immobility of his snow scenes are an amazing contrast to the colourful warmth of his Basque landscapes.

SIR OLIVER AND LADY HARVEY were at this vernissage, and our Ambassador looked charming in a white, polka-dotted frock of *vieux rose*. I also saw Mme. Boaz de Jouvenel with her masses of Rapunzel-like blonde hair that no modern hat can cope with, Marie-Louise Bousquet whose presence at any function gives the requisite *tout Paris* hall-mark, tall, distinguished and British-looking Georges Salles, curator of the Louvre, where the newly flood-lit rooms are drawing evening crowds of picture lovers, M. and Mme. François Mauriac, Nelly de Voguë, the great traveller, who so gaily recounts her adventures, the American oil millionaire, Mr. A. K. Macomber, who brought off a great double, winning the Cesarewitch and the Cambridge in the hectic twenties, the Comtesse de Noailles and one of the Comtesses de Ganays, and Mrs. "Molly" Watney, looking delightfully cool in a beige crêpe frock stamped with black letters and a large black picture hat framing her *blond cendré* hair.

Also present on this occasion were Mme. du Boisrouvray—Pita to her friends—who is always so gay and amusing, and who has started so many young composers on the road to fame, Mlle. Bénard, who paints those exquisite gouache landscape scenes, the blond giant Lucien Vogel, who would look so well in a Greek helmet, but who invariably wears a Victorian stock, Colonel Ulick Verney of the British Embassy, and the Baroness de Junca, whose ambulances are still at the service of those who are poor and needy and who has been recently decorated for her war services. There are several more parties I would like to mention, but restricted space says "NO."

Voilà!

• Suzy Volterra, the lovely young wife of the French theatrical magnate, whose horses scored such a triumph at Epsom, tells the good story of being greeted on her return to Paris by her cook's embittered remark: "Does Madame know that the price of horse steaks has gone up again . . . thanks to Monsieur?"



Miss Paddy Cox and Mr. David R. MacGregor were among those literally "sitting out"



Miss Diana Goldson and Capt. Hugh C. E. Farr appreciated the brazier thoughtfully provided to temper the night air



Mr. Hugh Gordon talking to Miss Catherine Keir on the river bridge behind the College



Hazel Court, the film-star, who was another guest, with Mr. Alan Docking

First and Third Trinity Boat Club Ball



Professor G. M. Trevelyan, O.M. (Master of Trinity), Miss Anne Debenham, Mr. Robert Buxton (hon. secretary of the ball), Mrs. Trevelyan, Mr. John Bolton and Miss Gay Hall



Miss Edith Soames walking along the backs with Capt. Alastair Collie, M.C.



Prince George of Denmark with Miss Felecia Warburg, daughter of Mr. P. F. Warburg, of the U.S. Embassy



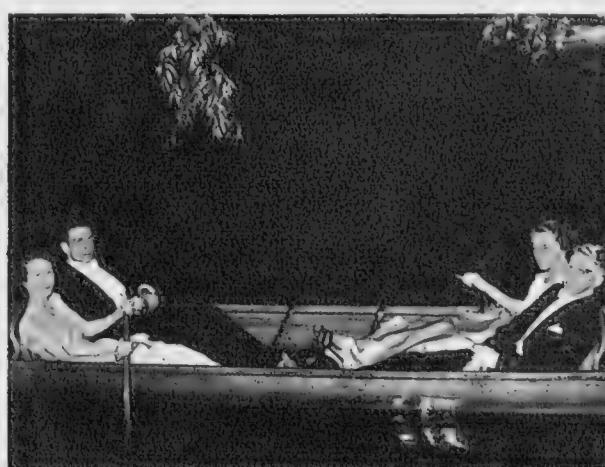
Mr. Laybull, Mrs. Knight, Professor D. S. Robertson (Vice-Master of Trinity), Mrs. Sandbach and Mr. Sandbach



Discussion under a willow-tree between Miss Patricia Harrison and Mr. Donald Harman



Miss Yvonne Knaggs and Mr. C. Wheatley invite Miss Pauline Mayer and Mr. Robin Vanderfelt to share their punt



The river was an irresistible attraction to many guests, including Miss Enid Simmons and Mr. Peter Buck (left), and Miss Shirley Pratt and Mr. Terry Simmons



Miss Ebba M. Sjoman, a visitor from Sweden, and Mr. C. M. Stafford were two more who enjoyed the Cam's amenities



Miss Gillian Loder and Mr. M. Harvey walking from the car park to the course



The Duchess of Marlborough (right) with her eldest daughter, Lady Sarah Russell



The start from the Golden Gates of the Royal Hunt Cup on for the second Master Vote, by Rae Johnstone

ROYAL ASCOT: HE WE INDIFFERENT BUT THE SPIR



Mr. Jocelyn Hambro, a member of the banking family, arriving with his wife



The Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, younger sister of Lord Strathcarron, and Mr. Denys Lowson



Viscount Portal, Lord-Lieutenant of Southampton, was present on Hunt Cup day



Col. and Mrs. Peter Clifton enjoying one of the short intervals of sunshine



The King and Queen smile happily as they return the greetings of the crowd, instead of only the Tuesday and Thursday as at



of the Royal Hunt Cup for the second year in succession by Mr. H. Blagrave's Master Vote, by Rae Johnstone

ASCOT: THE WEATHER WAS WET BUT THE SPIRIT WAS GAY



as they return the salutes of the crowd. They drove down the course on all four
of only the Tuesday and Thursday as at previous Ascots



Mrs. Spencer Freeman and Mrs. Eric Knott
discuss the vagaries of form before a race



Lady Eden, wife of Sir Timothy Eden, with her
eldest daughter Ann and Miss Monica Battine



Major and Mrs. R. Steele were among those who
saw No Orchids win the Ascot Stakes



The Earl and Countess of Sefton. The Earl's
colt Marconi won the Britannia Stakes

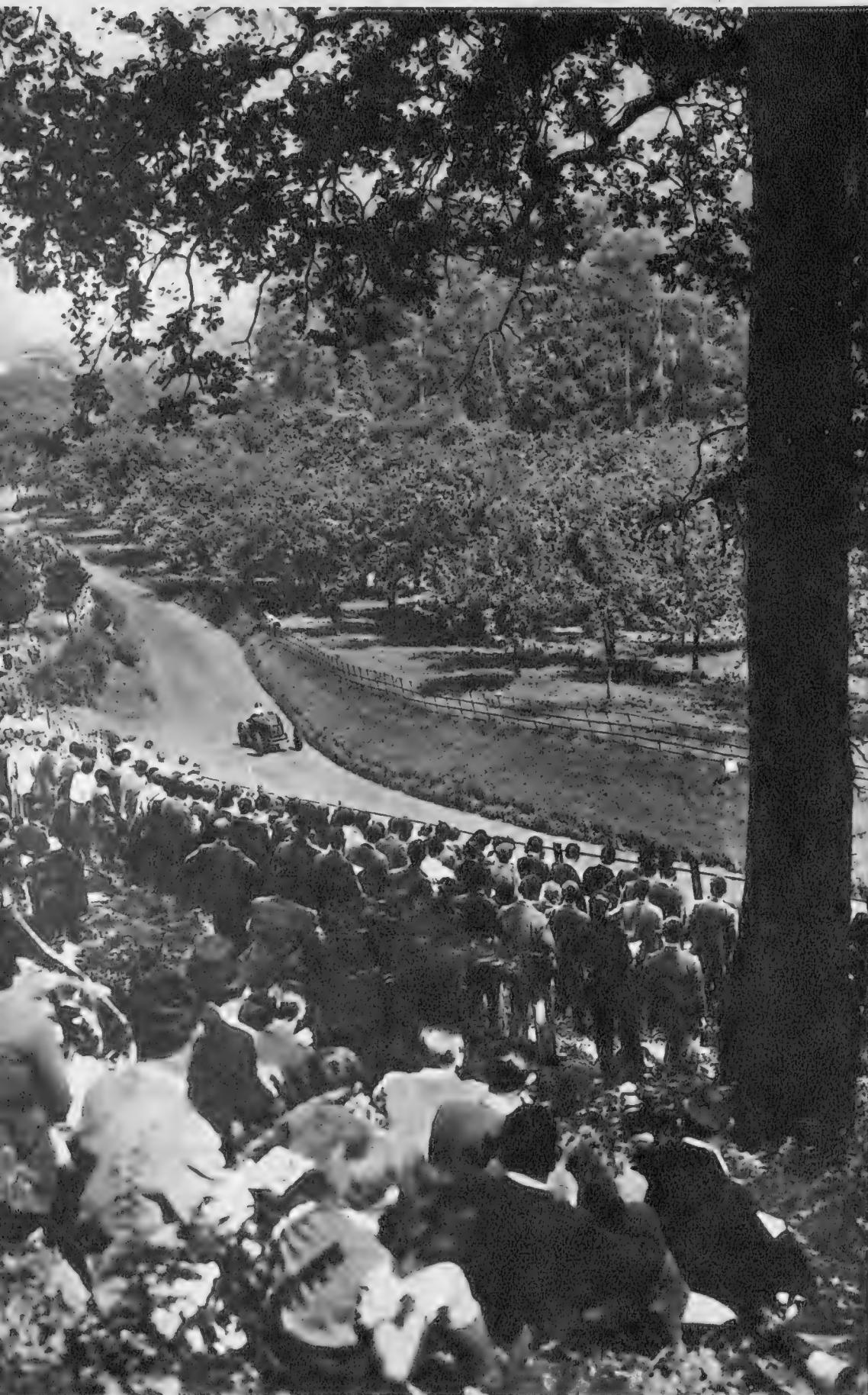


Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke were up
from Warwickshire for the meeting



Lady Cornwallis, Lord Cornwallis, Lord-
Lieutenant of Kent, and Mr. Dennis Thompson

The Half-Minute Dash Through the Orchards of Shelsley Walsh



Crowds lining the hillside watch a competitor entering the last bend before the finishing straight at the recent International Speed Hill Climb at Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire. It was won by Raymond Mays, driving an E.R.A., in the excellent time of 37.89 seconds.

Alfred Harris



Mrs. Joan Gerrard (1946 Riley Special) taking a bend. She drove with great competence and coolness



R. J. W. Appleton in his 1087 c.c. Appleton. He was equal ninth with a time of 42.42 secs.



The 747 c.c. Austin, driven by G. H. Symonds, offered a piquant contrast to the bigger cars



Another "mighty atom" was the highly streamlined 497 c.c. Cooper Special, driven by E. Brandon



All for £2 15 1 ("being the price to-day of one foul, meagre, hastily-served dinner")

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By . . .

SINCE baths in Swiss hotels at the moment cost the equivalent of half-a-crown a time, one gathers that visitors from Great Britain are finding it difficult to impress the Swiss fully on a £35 travelling allowance.

Such difficulties may some day cure the Race of the curious illusion that foreigners, and the Latin races especially, are impressed by clean mint-new Colonels and fresh, smooth Deans and shiny well-soaped Old Roedean girls. Our experience is that the Latins are deathly indifferent as to whether a Colonel's neck is clean or dirty. All they care about is whether he performs a Colonel's function adequately. Similarly an unshaven Dean—especially south of the Pyrenees—may be as useful in Heaven's sight (they think) as a shaven one. The same goes for girls of every description; they can wash if they like, but the act is nothing to flounce and pose about. La Belle Gabrielle, a noted Renaissance dish, washed about once every six weeks. So ?

Jag

A PROPOS our recent note on the Cock Tavern, Fleet Street, a sombre reader calculates that as a pint of vintage port at the original Cock in the 1850's cost Tennyson's Will Waterproof half-a-crown, that dreamy old soak could get nicely varnished for less than half-a-guinea.

Further research enables us to assess Mr. Waterproof's complete bill for the afternoon as follows :

	£ s. d.
Drinks, carried forward	10 6
Glasses smashed by Mr. W. (say 3) . . .	9
Repairs to mirror, curtains, etc. . . .	5 6
Repairs to plump head-waiter and two more, Tom and Harry (surgeon's fee) . .	10 6
To bashing one policeman (Bow St. rates)	5 0
Cabfare from Fleet Street to anywhere in West End radius	1 6
To damaging one cabman and three ladies of the town (figure agreed on spot)	1 0 0
Abusive letter to A. Tennyson (stamp) . .	1
Drink, subsequent, for A. Tennyson . .	1 3
<hr/>	
	£2 15 1

Being the price to-day of one foul, meagre, hastily-served dinner, with one bottle of chemical wine, at — (may be filled in according to experience).

Festa

CITIZENS lucky in the synthetic-lemonade-permit queue probably agreed with a gossip predicting that Chelsea Week would "recall the high jinks of Restoration times." Citizens unable to produce papers qualifying for the snoek-sandwich selection-queue doubtless cursed him for a deceiver.

However, that's Ye Olde Chelsea all over, as Pepys discovered when the Prime Minister (Mr. Zivalovitch) confirmed the decree of the Minister of Secret Police (Mr. Finkelstein) on the complaint of the Minister of Rolliques-Control (Mr. Yermolsky) in the matter of a finger-print check-up required to purchase a half-beaker of Sparkling Nubbo. That was the year in which a female unit of State Theatre-personnel named Gwyn, Elinor (ST/17769), was slung in the cooler for selling oranges at Drury Lane without a "B" licence from the Minister of Nutricon-Intake (Mr. Nitchevoff). Public Informer N663 got the axe simultaneously for describing her as "a noted tart" without a permit from the Minister of Light Pastrie (Mr. Sonnenschwein). Merrie Englande had its drawbacks but it was a Free Democracy, and, as the Home Secretary (Mr. I. Rümbelgütz) laughingly put it, "Pritisch verever you slice it."

Mums

WETHER an old Irish soldier named Owen Mulligan, who died the other day in Washington, D.C., minded being pointed at everywhere as the original of Private Mulvaney was not stated. Some furious victims of Art would have taken that boy Kipling to pieces.

Kipling found his three swashbucklers, apparently, in either (a) the 2nd Fifth Fusiliers, (b) the 30th East Lancashires, or (c) the 31st East Surreys. In any case he dolled them up handsomely, which is not always done by outsiders who shamelessly exploit even their own Mums in print, such as Dickens, Barrie, Proust, and a few more. What the frightful locals of Kiriemuir thought of old Mrs. Barrie's betrayal would make a fitting appendix to *Margaret Ogilvy*, we've often thought. Typical comment :

TAMMAS HAGGART : "Hmph!" ("One hesitates to suggest that traces of the Oedipus-complex are apparent in every other page, but what psychiatrist can forbear to note it?")

SANDY WHAMOND : "Ay!" ("It seems apparent that literary—and possibly commercial—ambition has been allowed to obscure the decencies in this case. Correct me if wrong.")

WASTER LUNNY : "Ou!" ("The author has confused his planes and nullified objectivity in an attempt to avoid a mere synthesis of static values.")

This last remark, incidentally, conveys more or less what Senator Gogarty once said to us about Joyce's caricature of him as Buck Mulligan in *Ulysses*. More or less, that is, if you leave out atmospherics and short-circuits.

Duel

A NEWS-ITEM about sharks on the East Coast recalled that Dorset fisherman who fought and killed a shark with a pocket-knife a year or two ago, and was afterwards asked by the R.S.P.C.A. if he had been cruel to it.

This moves us to sing a song for the little

ones we made about that time concerning a maiden lady of uncertain age who loved fighting sharks. Ready ?

Moth-er! Moth-er! What a lark!
Aunt-ie's found an-o-ther shark!
See them fight-ing in the bay!
Moth-er, may I join the fray?

Moth-er said : "For Heav-en's sake!
What is this, you lit-tle snake?
Must you em-u-late that blis-ter
Whom I grieve to call my sis-ter?"

(Two rather messy verses describing the duel omitted.)

To the R.S.P.C.A.
Moth-er sad-ly said next day :
"Well, if you must know the worst,
Ag-gie bit the poor thing first."

O the shame, and O the grief!
Our re-morse was past be-lief;
An-y-how, we got a laugh
Find-ing Aunt-ie's oth-er half.

The moral is that unkindness to sharks gets you nowhere, or else it was kindness to sharks, we forget which.

Ghost

PRIME English beef and beer and oysters, a rich husky voice chuckling over crude, healthy japes, a dig in the ribs and a roving alcoholic wink—that was the celebrated weekly-paper comic hero Ally Sloper in the 1880-90's, national to the backbone, one gathers from such admiring connoisseurs as Mr. Hilaire Belloc and the late Professor Raleigh.

Ally Sloper has returned, we perceived with surprise from a railway-bookstall last week. A pallid ghost, alas, romping exclusively with the children, and under Scots control. With the huge bulbous snozzle and the rakish white topper has vanished the old Rabelaisian-Micawberesque rollick, and perhaps it's all for the best in this age of bleakness and terror. His former clients could imagine the Maestro giving Bessie Bellwood or Marie Lloyd a rousing "What-ho!" and a cheery smack on the bustle in a four-ale bar over a quart of the best. You can't even begin to smack a BBC Variety queen; as the Marquise said of the Michelangelo cherub, *il n'y a pas de quoi*.

Vitality was the Maestro Sloper's secret. Today it sounds like one of those hellish patent breakfast grit-foods, don't you think?



"Without a permit
from the Minister
of Light Pastrie"



D. R. Stuart

Three Sporting Stars at Home with Their Families

Mrs. Clive Russell Vick, who scored 79 goals for England's unbeaten hockey team in the U.S. this spring, with her husband, a son of the K.C., and daughter Rosemary. They live at Seal, near Sevenoaks, Kent

Norman Yardley, England's Test captain, who has skippered Cambridge—in 1938—and Yorkshire, with his wife (née Antonia Meares). He won three Blues at Cambridge. Their daughter Susan is a year old.

Henry Billington, the Davis Cup tennis player, teaching his elder son, Tim, to ride at their Newbury home. He also plays hockey for Wilts and hunts with the Craven. His wife is Berkshire's No. 1 County tennis player

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

ARACING post-mortem is quite often as boresome as a bridge one; but there may be this to be said for it: the coroner's verdict is sometimes not quite so ephemeral, and it also leads to less downright unpleasantry! It is suggested that any coroner sitting on the dead in this year's Derby might address the jury something in this wise:

"Members of the jury, it is alleged that the victim was done in by certain acts, matters and things which happen between the Top of the Hill and Tattenham Corner. Three verdicts are open to you: murder, accident or suicide. I suggest that you rule out the first and last. The victim, My Babu, is not a robust person; there was a big and impetuous mob, and it may well be that he had some of the wind knocked out of him; but even if he had not been rudely buffeted, would he have been able to overtake his alleged slaughterer, who rejoices in the romantic name of My Love, and who won quite comfortably by a length and a half, beating the third three lengths and a half, and the fourth, the unfortunate person upon whose lifeless corse you have been summoned to sit, at least six lengths and a half."

"The time taken for this contest was very ordinary, and if not quite slow enough to suit the fabled pedestrian in top-boots, quite enough so to favour anything that was not a long-distance passenger. The Slaughterer, so it appeared to me, and no doubt to such intelligent persons as yourselves, was quite ready to take it on whichever way they wanted it. I put it to you that he was never really asked the question and therefore that he leaves the court not only without a stain on his character, but decorated with the D.S.O."

The Findings

THE jury, being no doubt very anxious to get out in plenty of time before they opened, might find in general terms that the favourite did get a certain amount of banging about in such a big throng, but that it was obvious that, even if he had not, he could not have collected the thick end of six lengths by which he was beaten; that the winner, though never really troubled, had only a slow race with which to contend, and that if he had been ridden right out might have cut a couple of seconds at least off the time, and that if he had, we might know more about him.

Finally, the jury would say that, trying as it is with all its hills and hollows, Epsom is not Doncaster, any more than Newmarket's Rowley Mile is Epsom.

On the Spot

IT is the failing of frail humanity always to consider the man who agrees with its own conclusions extremely wise, and the one who does not something that no paper would publish. Colonel Sir William Waldron, for instance, who is an owner and breeder of bloodstock (Wychwood Abbot is one of not a few clues) who knows a great deal about it, has, I am glad to see, returned to the charge and reiterated some conclusions at which he arrived last year. Sir William then said that the causes of the French successes were: (1) English breeders' mistake in going for speed instead of stamina; (2) an insufficient oats ration for brood mares and yearlings; and (3) the too-early running of two-year-olds. He implements this by saying this year, in a sporting newspaper: "The rationing of brood mares to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. and growing yearlings to $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. corn a month is demonstrably insufficient to feed a mare (often with a foal at foot and carrying another) or a growing yearling with any prospect of building up constitution or stamina, and this is definitely contributing to

the deterioration of British bloodstock." (Hear, hear!)

There is only this to add: "How about the cumulative effect of six years of virtual starvation during the war, and since then not enough, as we see from Sir William Waldron's figures?" On the other side of the water, as I have emphasised so often in these notes: no starving during the war and plenty during this semi-darkness since the war, England being on shorter commons than anyone else who was in The Ring, having thrown every ha'penny she had into the common pool and now with no ha'pence and all the kicks that are on offer. Why, Ribbentrop had started a stud and a racing stable, so certain were the Germans that France was to be a province of their country. And some people are still so unkind as to say that we can neither breed nor train racehorses.

Reduce it to the human factor: Can anyone honestly say that he has as much vital force as he had before 1939, and that the severe rationing has had no effect upon his constitution?

And "The Books" Say!

SOME people are so confiding as to believe that our friends The Enemy are as bad tipsters as jockeys. That is a somewhat dangerous assumption, for, although bookmakers are supposed to bet purely to figures, they have a very good Intelligence Service, and, in addition, many of them are first-class judges of racing; that is to say that they know that $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths in the printed word can easily mean three lengths; or a short head a length.

However, here is what they say at this moment about the Leger: (1) 3—1 My Love: they may well be right; he was not all out at the finish of the Derby; he won with a long run in his own time; he was beautifully ridden; he may have won that long trip the Grand Prix by the time these notes appear; he has plenty of good staying blood, and he has been as well fed as his sire and dam were before him. (2) 5—1 My Babu (see inquest). I believe the price to be a false one. (3) 8—1 Royal Drake (see My Love). A blind man could see which of these two he ought to prefer. (4) 10—1 Noor. Repetition is tiresome. (5) 14—1 Black Tarquin: a problem. Epsom was the wrong shape for him; Doncaster is a totally different proposition. At Epsom the hills and hollows floored him, and in my view he was all abroad at the bottom of The Hill.

He is a big, long-striding colt, who might make it very uncomfortable for any small one who tried to go upsides with him.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Brought your rations, I hope . . . ?"

EMMWOOD'S WARRIOR WARBLERS (NO. 5)

This ornate bird appears to share with *homo sapiens* a proneness to visions and phantasies when deprived of its favourite food

ADULT MALE: General colour above ruddy, crested with ornate sable tufts; beak bulbous and hop-tinted, tufted below with spiky growths; mandibles blue, often "bearded" at the extremities with hairy growths, especially in the older individuals; neck feathers white and starchy, often ruffled, dependent upon the bird's general demeanour; body feathers scarlet, picked out with gold and sable stripes and right royally furbelowed on the frontal bone; shanks spindly and gaily tufted: in spite of the bird's legs having a somewhat unstable appearance it is capable of showing a fine turn of speed when startled by any strange phenomena.

HABITS: The Bloody Tower Creeper is a most carnivorous little bird in its habits. According to the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, an authority on the bird, "The species live almost entirely on great gobs of meat, and the sight of a flock of the birds fighting for the choicest pieces has to be seen to be believed." It must be admitted that the present paucity of the foregoing commodity is causing many of the birds to look rather scraggy about the abdomen coverts.

The bird's call may often be heard at eventide, a kind of "Hoothhells-Swipedthkées," this call being the signal for the whole flock to rise and flit to and fro in agitated confusion: until quietened by the scent of more meat. The bird cuts a pretty caper when surrounded by large groups of admirers, although, it is true, its song at this time is not strictly veracious.

HABITATS: The bird is to be found, almost exclusively, nested down in the more ancient of London's historic piles. It may be encountered, however, roosting happily in any of the many drinking places that surround its nest. The bird is delightful to watch as it moves at considerable speed for the safety of its own nest as the shadows lengthen and certain shady characters are observed in the vicinity.



The Bloody Tower Creeper—or Tufted Pike Kite

(*Thengivthem-Spam*)

Scoreboard by R.C. Robertson-Glasgow.

MIDSUMMER MIX-UP

Maybe we were reading the papers
Too closely, maybe we were not;
Perhaps it was surfeit of capers,
On mutton too soon from the pot.

But I dreamt I was stylishly rowing
At "six," for Leander at Lord's;
Next moment, I found I was showing
Sprint-starts to the Wimbledon hordes.

Meanwhile, all St. Andrews was cheering
My putt, as, in sweater and shorts,
Joe Davis and Bradman were nearing
The tape, in the squash-racket courts.

The Derby came next; Ernie Bevin,
Blue hoops, on a pedigree moke,
Beat Stalin, 100 to 7—
And then, none too soon, I awoke.

LIVERPOOL and beauty are not associated in the minds of all, but few towns can boast, with any chance of being believed, a pleasanter cricket ground than Aigburth. There, this week, Lancashire receive Somerset. There, twenty-eight years ago, Oxford University played Liverpool and District, a team fit, though far from ready, to take part in the County championship. Among their champions were two Rugby footballers of bright fame, Grant McLeod and R. A. Lloyd; the former one of Scotland's greatest three-quarters; the latter an Irishman with a genius for dropping goals from ridiculous angles.

I recall McLeod's wonderful fielding in that match. I also recall our host, an elderly twig of the Hornby tree, showing some of us certain left-handed strokes after the evening meal. The exhibition was given in the drawing-room. There was a lady spectator. With one eye, she smiled encouragement at these antics; with the other, she showed agony on behalf of the circumambient Spode. The demonstrator was a cousin of that Hornby who once "flicker'd to and fro" with Barlow. A phrase, I feel, that the wonderful poet might well have used of his own early life.

FOR six summers after the Kaiser's war Lancashire and Somerset never met. The reunion, at Manchester, was celebrated by one of the most startling matches ever played in the Championship. Thursday, May 21st, 1925, covered the brief but unusual proceedings. Thirty-one wickets fell, and Lancashire won on the stroke of 7 o'clock. The highest scorer for Lancashire was the fast bowler Ted McDonald, 35 not out, at number ten. For Somerset, Guy Earle scored 43 in half an hour, twice hitting Richard Tyldesley from Old Trafford nearly to the *Manchester Guardian*.

In Somerset's second innings, the captain, John Daniell, hit Cecil Parkin for 3 sixes in an innings of 20. As a set-off to these larks, Somerset had Algie Bligh and "Box" Case, two of the most obstacular batsmen ever seen. It was in the following year that Case played a ball from

Tyldesley while lying prone on the pitch. A recumbent genius.

ABSENT-MINDED INTERLUDE

Mayor: We have great pleasure in welcoming here the visiting footballers—

Secretary: Cricketers.

Mayor: From, er, er—

Secretary: Australia.

Mayor: Anyhow, it's a great pleasure, a very great—

A Voice: Pleasure.

Mayor: Their captain, Mr.—

Secretary: Bradman—

Mayor: Is familiar to us all as one of the fastest bowlers of all time—

Secretary: Batsman.

Mayor: Is familiar to those of us to whom he is, er, familiar, as a batsman. We all hope that he will make hundreds of byes—

Secretary: Runs.

Mayor: Runs. Any'ow, we've 'ad a first-class tuck-in. The salmon wasn't gone off, and the 'am was 'am, not up'olstery. For that we may thank—

Secretary: This isn't the Oddfellows' Dinner.

Mayor: 'Old your ruddy tongue. In conclusion, we all wish our visitors the best of luck from tee to green, and a safe return to South Africa.



Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"THE FOOLISH GENTLEWOMAN" (Collins : 8s. 6d.) has a picture-wrapper which invites one, immediately, right into the story. What do we see? A middle-aged lady, plump, tranquilly seated beside a Sealyham under an awning on a terrace in front of a white, porticoed house. Not far from the lady, standing, a long-legged contemporary blonde, in back view, evidently gazing towards the mansion in expectation, anxiety or hope. This picture suggests an agreeable, yet at the same time ever so slightly tense mood or moment—one wants to know *what* is happening, how, why, when, and to whom. Would that more novel-wrappers did their work so well! And is it, perhaps, ironical, that this inviting wrapper should have been supplied for a novel that least of all needs its services? This book would claim one's attention in any case: it is "the new Margery Sharp."

Miss Margery Sharp has a sure-fire way of telling a story. And she has gifts still rarer, more to be esteemed—a feeling for character so true as to embrace every contrariety, a light hand which enables her to knock up a *soufflé* of sentiment and humour, a basic respect for human nature, an alert contemporary sense, and a genius for writing dialogue—crisp, in the comic vein, yet able to carry the shadow of deeper feeling.

The Foolish Gentlewoman is a novel full of surprises. To start with, the white house depicted on the wrapper is not a country house; it is an elegant "period" survival in an outlying suburb of London. Of the locale, Chipping Hill, we are told no more than that it is "eight miles from Charing Cross"—most of us, however, will imagine (perhaps rightly) that we know Chipping Hill. "Being so light and airy . . . the district early attracted commercial or professional wealth, and the resulting villa-residences (each a monument to Victorian success) are as remarkable for exuberance of design as solidity of construction. Some resemble enormous cuckoo clocks, others miniature railway stations; Chipping Priory crosses cathedral with châlet; but the Lodge shows a plain white façade topped by a flat cornice, with for all ornament the fan-shaped pediments to the long rows of windows, and a pair of stucco goddesses, antique but decent, on the terrace behind."

* * *

CHIPPING HILL shows rings of outward growth: below the Ridge—which the major, well-to-do houses with their spacious leafy gardens adorn—extends modern development:

Station Road is very different from the Ridge; its small houses, and shops with flats over them, are not exactly jerry-built, but they are not handsome. They are attractive, chiefly because their owners take a pride in them, and put stucco dwarfs in the front garden, and invent names like Gladbert or Mibillet to paint on the gate. . . . They house a population of small tradesmen, clerks, artisans, and their families: highly respectable, at a pinch heroic. Men had come back to Station Road from the stratosphere, from the ocean bed, from adventure unimagined by Jules Verne; while their much-bombed wives continued to wash on Mondays, mow the front lawn, and stick together, whenever possible, the fragments of their stucco dwarfs.

Chipping Lodge, as you may have suspected, is the house of our story. To this house has returned, after years of war-exile in a hotel in Bath, an amiable, childless widow, Isabel Brocken, aged fifty-five. It is indeed Isabel who is sitting beside her Sealyham (the appalling Bogey) on the hammock-seat. It is Isabel, also, who is our "foolish gentlewoman"—infinitely cosy and reassuring, but capable of unforeseen vagaries which are frenzying to her well-wishers.

* * *

THESE well-wishers consist of the odd little household she has collected round her—her bachelor brother-in-law Simon Brocken, her nephew Humphrey, her youthful companion Jacqueline Brown. Mr. Brocken, at a domestic loose end until his own house has been repaired after bomb-damage, has gravitated, temporarily,



Nelson at Twenty-Two, by J. Rigaud. This, the earliest well-authenticated portrait, is one of the 140 family heirlooms from Trafalgar House recently bought for the nation from Earl Nelson. They are on view at the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich

to Chipping Lodge; Humphrey, lately demobilised, family in New Zealand, is still in the state known as "looking round"; Jacqueline, late of the A.T.S., finds herself with no specific accomplishments—we thus have a long-legged blonde (see, again, the wrapper) contentedly filling the somewhat Victorian position of "companion."

Companions no longer wind wool and exercise lap-dogs (the appalling Bogey is meticulously exercised by Isabel)—they do housework. Chipping Lodge, indeed, when our story opens, is an almost miraculous little enclave of peace, smooth-runningness, harmony. All those little snags of post-war existence have been overcome by the optimistic tranquillity of Isabel, by the cheerful adroitness of Jacqueline. Even the old-bachelor tetchiness of Simon Brocken is becoming, day by day, less; and

Cupid is doing leisurely work between Jacky (for as such we prefer to know her) and Humphrey.

Never to be forgotten, though never obvious, are that mouse-like mother and daughter, the Pooles: installed, originally, by Mr. Brocken as caretakers, Mrs. Poole and her fourteen-year-old offspring Greta (called after Garbo) cook, and hand dishes silently through to the dining-room: anything further is done by everyone else. I am not sure that the Pooles—into whose inner lives we are drawn more and more as the story goes on—are not, ultimately, the masterpiece characters of *The Foolish Gentlewoman*. Their rival, as masterpiece, is a monster—Isabel's poor relation, Miss Tilly Cuff. From the moment of Tilly's arrival at Chipping Lodge, we are aware that a serpent has entered Eden. Peace disintegrates; everybody's attitude to everybody else is queered.

* * *

WHY should Tilly arrive? The situation between Tilly and Isabel provides, we find, the nucleus of the story. Something—a sentence lately heard in a sermon—has set Isabel's conscience convulsively to work. Long, long ago, when they were Edwardian girls together, Isabel did Tilly a wrong. It is arguable that, by one impetuous, selfish action Isabel did wreck her dreary cousin's life. It is equally arguable (as Simon Brocken, Humphrey and Jacky all point out) that Tilly is a type who would have spoiled life for herself anyhow. For Isabel, nothing alters the fact that she has done wrong—though she has only woken up to the fact thirty years later—and that she now owes Tilly all possible restitution.

How far is the present Tilly Isabel's fault? Is it possible ever to make good a wrong once done? If the attempt to make good a wrong endangers the equilibrium, the happiness of a number of other, innocent, people, is the attempt justified? Upon these three questions hinges the interest (and what an unflagging interest!) of *The Foolish Gentlewoman*. Lightly, and under the cloak of domestic comedy, Miss Sharp is handling something really important.

The tale has the charm and attraction of topicality; but its subject is, fundamentally, a timeless one. Isabel, for all her sweet, plump absurdity, is a gentlewoman, with all the scrupulous, ruthless fineness of conscience that that implies: a world with none of her type left would be a world governed by nothing but inhuman priggish theory on one hand, jungle law on the other. . . . To close on a lighter note: *The Foolish Gentlewoman* contains some delicious comedy scenes.

* * *

"THE TAPESTRY BED," by Louise de Vilmorin (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.), has been beautifully translated from the French by J. H. McEwen. Rough handling by a translator would have been a pity, for the story has an aroma it would have been sad to lose. Here is a provincial prison, the grim, dilapidated fortress of Meu, in France of the 1880's: among the prisoners serving life-sentences is a young countryman, one

(Continued on page 414)

MARJORIE BOWEN

nom de plume. She startled the literary world at sixteen with her romance *The Viper of Milan*, and has now written some 200 books, many of them based upon a remarkable knowledge of European history. Yet her working hours are a mystery, for she is seldom at her desk, and is generally to be found occupied as a hostess, reading, painting or doing embroidery to her own designs, cooking, or discussing events with her husband and three sons. She has lived for long periods abroad, especially Italy, which partly accounts for the vividness of her historical narratives, but is now domiciled in a quiet London square. As "Joseph Shearing" she is becoming widely known to the cinema public, having had four of her books screened this year

"The Foolish Gentlewoman"

"The Tapestry Bed"

"Pay-Off in Calcutta"

"Movie Review"



Devised and Photographed by Angus McBean

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Mellor—Hatton

Major J. F. C. Mellor, D.S.O., son of Brigadier and Mrs. J. S. Mellor, of Walton-at-Stone, Herts., married Miss Anne Hatton, daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. J. A. Hatton, of Yealmpton, S. Devon, in Washington, D.C.



Finch-Knightley—Palmer

The Hon. A. Finch-Knightley, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Aylesford, married Miss Susan Palmer, only daughter of Maj.-Gen. G. Palmer, of Chilwell, Notts., and Mrs. Palmer, of Lewes



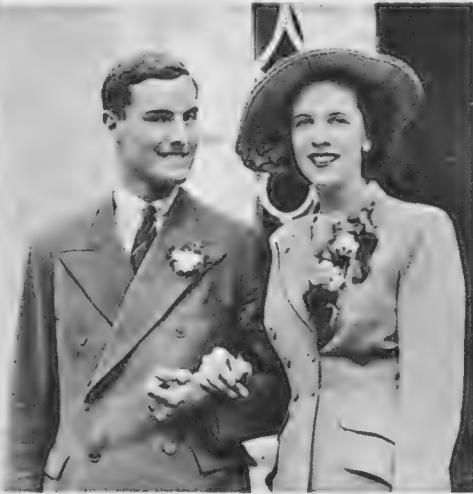
Laing—Dalrymple-Hamilton

Mr. Alexander Grant Laing, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Laing, of Belton, Gullane, North Berwick, married Miss Graeme Elizabeth Dalrymple-Hamilton, daughter of Adm'l. Sir Frederick and Lady Dalrymple-Hamilton, of Cladyhouse, Stranraer. Pages and bridesmaids were Viscount Glenapp, Alistair Langlands, Robin Thorne, Lady Susanna Montgomerie, Miss Juliet Williams, the Hon. Judith Brown and the Hon. Elizabeth Sydney



von Bergen—Thomas

Mr. Julian E. von Bergen, son of Dr. C. W. von Bergen, of Four Acres, Leatherhead, Surrey, married Miss Sheila Thomas, daughter of Sir Miles and Lady Thomas, of the Manor House, Adderbury, Oxfordshire



Crofton—Tighe

Lord Crofton of Moate Park, County Roscommon, Eire, married Miss Ann Tighe, daughter of G/Capt. Charles H. Tighe, O.B.E., D.F.C., and Mrs. Tighe, of Ballina Park, Rathnew, Co. Wicklow, at Foxrock, Co. Dublin



de Carteret—Lavallin Puxley

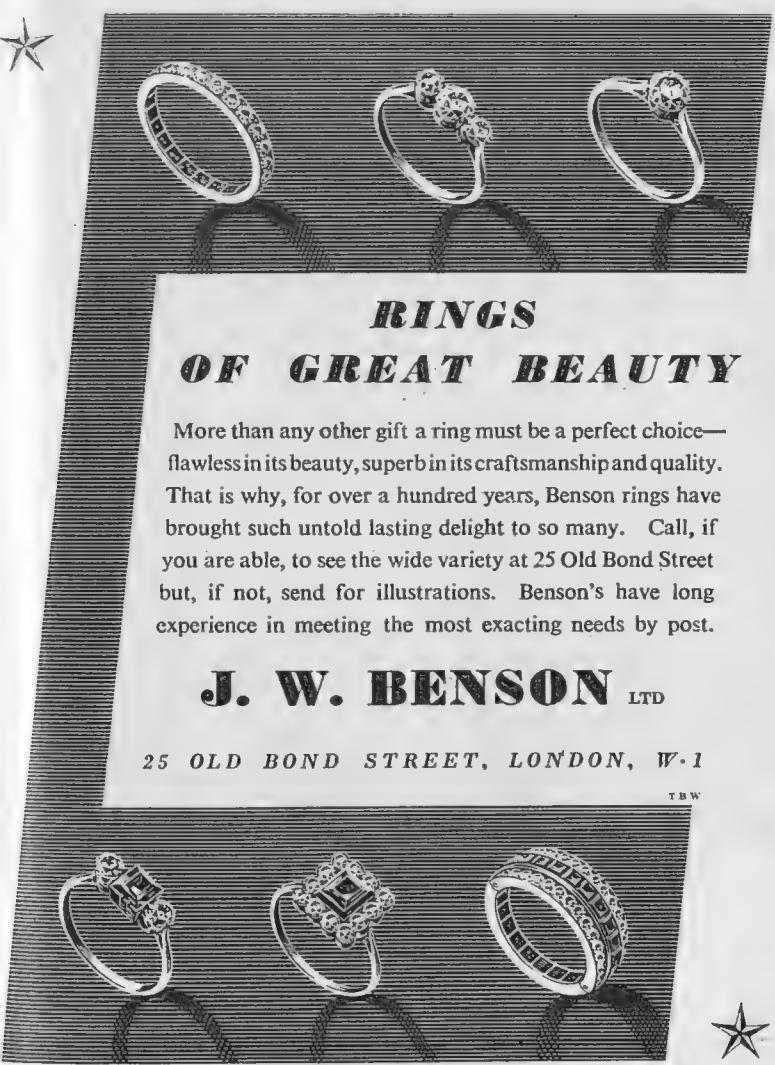
Major Amias Guy de Carteret, the Welch Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. St. George de Carteret, of Pirbright, Surrey, married Miss Susan Lavallin Puxley, daughter of Capt. W. Lavallin Puxley, O.B.E., R.N. (retd.), and Mrs. Lavallin Puxley, of Pirbright



A large illustration of a woman in a light-colored coat and dark skirt, looking towards the right. A small figure of a person in a coat is walking away in the background. The text 'Jamedon MODEL' is written in a stylized font, with 'RECO' in small letters above 'MODEL'. Below it, the words 'COATS and SUITS' are written in a bold, sans-serif font.

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W & C



Three rings are shown against a background of fine horizontal lines. The rings are ornate, with one featuring a prominent diamond.

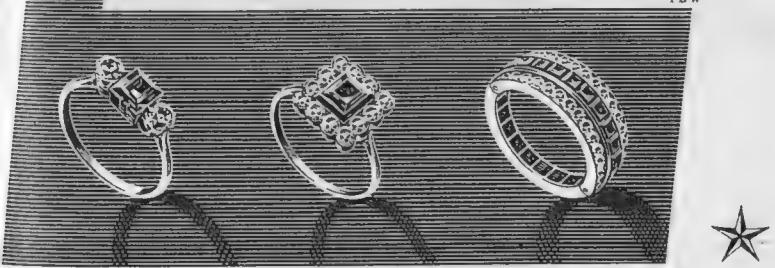
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A large illustration of a woman in a long, light-colored travel coat with a wide fur collar and a belt. She is carrying a large suitcase. The word 'Tourism' is written in a large, stylized, cursive font at the top. A small star is to the left of the word.

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FASHION
PAGE
by
WINIFRED
LEWIS

This stately wedding gown in silver brocade is classical in conception, with a fitted bodice and wide berthe collar gathered softly into cartridge pleats on the shoulder. The voluminous folds of the skirt develop into a half-train. From Debenham and Freebody's Model Gown

Department



Photograph by Eric Joysmith

WEDDING IN JUNE



Children look their best
in 'Dayella'
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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Pearl Freeman



Harriet

The Baronne Micheline de Posson, younger daughter of Baron and Baronne Leopold de Posson of Rue Gachard, Brussels who is to be married next month to Major Michael Stoop, M.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stoop, of Hartley Grange, Hartley Wintney

Lady Isabel Milles-Lade, younger daughter of the late Hon. Henry Milles-Lade and the Hon. Mrs. Milles-Lade of Lees Court, Faversham, Kent, whose engagement is announced to Edward John, Earl of Derby, son of the late Lord Stanley and of Lady Stanley, of Holwood.

Keston, Kent



Miss Patricia Mansell Leach, younger daughter of Brig. R. S. Leach, M.C., and Mrs. Leach of Holton Lodge, Templecombe, Somerset, who is to be married next month to Mr. Geoffrey MacDonald Dove, youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Dove and of Mrs. Dove of Duncote, Towcester, Northamptonshire



Fay

Miss Elizabeth Marion Crawford, younger daughter of Sir William and Lady Crawford of St. John's Wood Court, N.W.8, who is to be married next month to Major Charles Edward Page only son of Sir Max and Lady Page, of Luton House, Selling, Faversham, Kent



Lady Margaret Fortescue, elder daughter of Earl and Countess Fortescue, of Castle Hill, Barnstaple, N. Devon, whose engagement is announced to Mr. Bernard Van Cutsem of Exning, Newmarket



Miss Moreen Elizabeth Stubbing, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Stubbing of Oakwood Court, W.14, who is to be married next month to Mr. Leslie Vernon Chater, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Chater of Stafford Court, W.8

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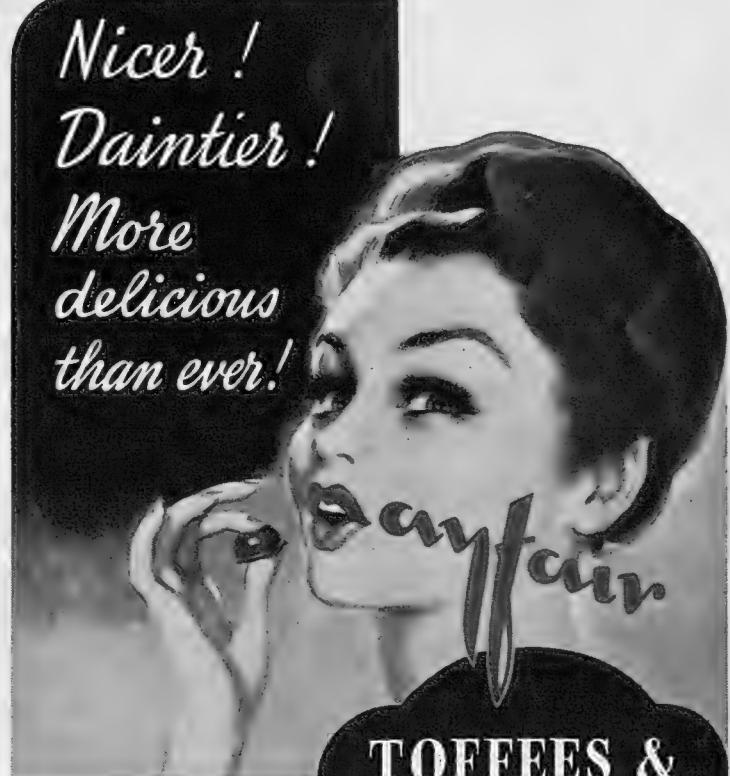
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Elizabeth Bowen's

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 406)

Remy Bonvent, a musical genius convicted of manslaughter. Across the prison courtyard dwell the Governor, self-important M. Porey-Cave, his formidable wife, and their sixteen-year-old daughter, the pretty, flighty, adorable Marie-Dorée.

Unconscious of the nearness of the caged singing bird, the Porey-Caves pursue, snugly and snugly, their bourgeois family life: they are people of standing in the small town. M. Porey-Cave seeks, in his lighter moments, the company of a sumptuous charmer, Yada (grass-widow of another prisoner confined at Meu) who wears mauve muslin, sucks mauve sweets and decorates her apartment in the Tunisian style.

The genius of young Bonvent, however, comes to the notice of M. Porey-Cave, who proceeds to exploit it for his own ends. Immortal longings cause the prison governor to pass himself off, successfully, as the poet-composer of a series of songs, and finally of an opera called "The Tapestry Bed." And Bonvent has been inspired to this, his best work, having fallen in love with Marie-Dorée—across the prison courtyard, on summer nights, the youth has watched through a window the young girl at the piano, beside a rose-shaded lamp. She is playing and singing his own songs.

Far away, in the village from which he came, Bonvent—lost, in prison forever—remains the object of the despairing love of the little dressmaker Aline: from time to time she makes pathetic pilgrimages to Meu, to visit him. Meanwhile Marie-Dorée, on holiday at the seaside, meets, falls in love with and wins the heart of a young officer, son and heir of an aristocratic family. . . .

The manner in which the story is told is enchanting: not for nothing is Mme de Vilmorin a poetess of repute. All the lyric beauty of the French country-

side, all the captivating oddness of French provincial character, is in it. Marie-Dorée's visit to the château, which is her fiancé's home, her reception by Olivier's nine sisters, the singing in the lamplit, moth-filled conservatory—this part makes one smile with pleasure. Also, the Porey-Caves' visit to Paris . . . *The Tapestry Bed* is, I learn, now being filmed: if its blend of fairy tale and satire be not lost, it should make an enjoyable film indeed! As a novel, it has something of the quality of Alain Fournier's *Le Grand Meaulnes*.

* * * *

RICHARD COLLIER, as author of *Pay-off in Calcutta* (Pilot Press, 8s. 6d.), shows himself to have still one lesson to learn—one cannot, for some reason in a thriller, have totally, monotonously and irredeemably unattractive central characters. Is it, then, a law of the thriller world that men must be brave and women beautiful? No, surely—that would be putting things rather high. Let us say, rather, that it is hard to pursue with zest the adventures and hairsbreadth escapes of persons who, one cannot but feel, would be better dead at the start. In Mr. Collier's story, Grant, the deserter, and Elinor, neurotic daughter of a rich man, are a couple of out-and-out detriments unrelieved by dash, courage or charm; and there is a pretty squalid supporting cast.

This is all the more a pity because Mr. Collier is such an excellent storyteller; who has, moreover, hit on a good idea—that of a man who, himself on the run from justice, witnesses a murder, is frightened of coming forward as a witness, and finds himself in danger of being hounded down by the gang responsible for the crime. And the Calcutta background

RECORD OF THE WEEK

IT is not usual for a modern composition in the serious music class to be presented in any other manner than as set down by the composer; one of the few is *Sabre Dance* by Khachaturian. Part of his *Gayneh* ballet, it is played as *Sabre Dance Boogie* by Ted Heath and His Music.

Less than a month ago a New York weekly spoke of the introduction of the Heath orchestra to the U.S.A. public as "something notable," and indeed this modest young British band leader deserves that praise. In *Sabre Dance Boogie* he gives one of the best all round record performances to date. It is backed with *Big Ben Bounce*, and is played with style, precision and imagination.

Obviously, Khachaturian has no objection to his piece being treated in this way, and now that Ted Heath's recording is shortly to be issued in the U.S.A. he will have the opportunity of hearing and enjoying the subtleties introduced into it by this excellent British dance band combination. (Decca F. 8886).

Robert Tredinnick

(Calcutta at a nerve-racking epoch of its history) is vividly painted in. Mr. Collier, a year or so ago, gave us that drastic R.A.F. novel, *Beautiful Friend*.

* * * *

A. E. WILSON'S *Movie Review* (Ian Hammond Publishing Co., 8s. 6d.) should be possessed by all film-goers. This is a collection of Mr. Wilson's cinema-criticisms for *The Star*—he describes himself as "a mezzo-brow" and does, as we all know, steer an inspired course between aesthetic jargon on one hand and glamour-patter on the other. If our cinema-taste were always as soundly guided, we might be more stalwart in our rejection of nonsense, more quick in our acclamation of good stuff—of whatever kind; and how many kinds there can be! Generously illustrated with shots from films, close-ups of stars and a number of colour-plates, *Movie Review* does well by the current cinema.

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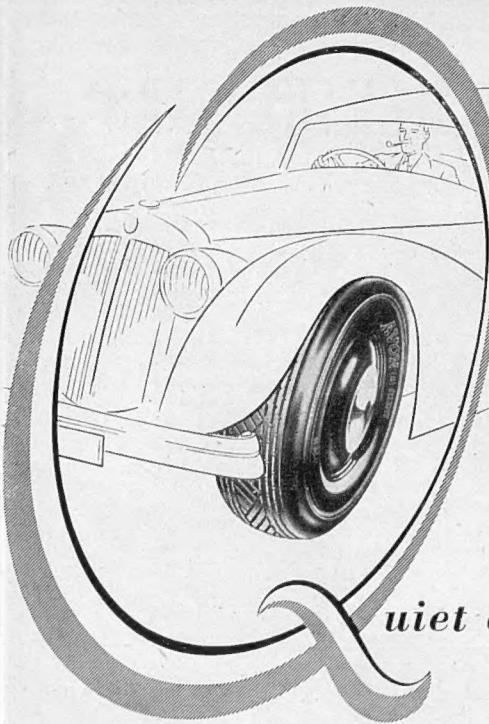
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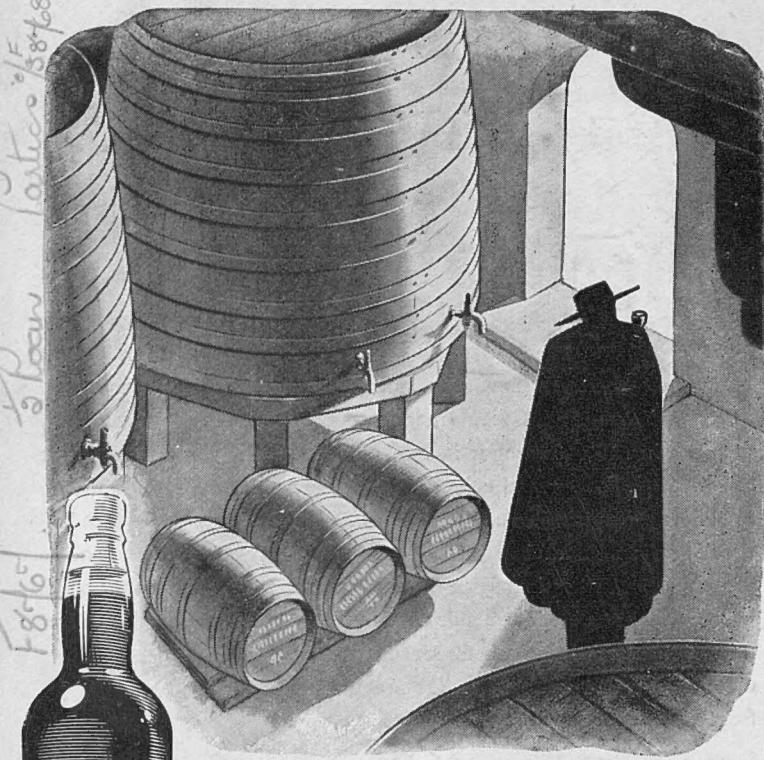


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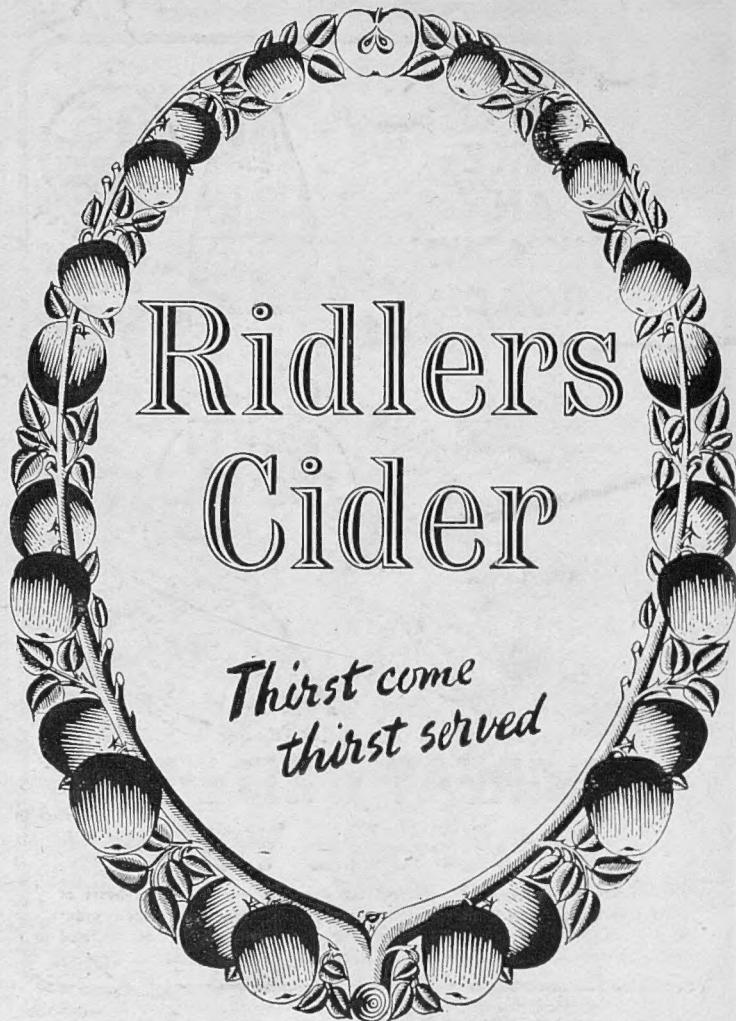
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